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D'Urfey. A Commonwealth of women.
1886

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**A Commonwealth of
Women.**



*This edition is limited to 275 small-paper copies,
and 75 large-paper copies.*

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**A Commonwealth of
Women.**

BY
MR. D'URFEY.
—
1685.



Edited by
EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.,
F.S.A. (Scot).



PRIVATELY PRINTED, EDINBURGH.
—
1886.

△

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A
Common-Wealth
of
WOMEN.

A P L A Y :

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL
By their Majesties Servants.

BY MR. D'URFET.

“Anguillam Caudâ tenes.”—Eras.

Licensed. Sept. 11. 1685.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *R. Bentley* in *Russell-street* in *Covent-*
Garden ; and *J. Hindmarsh* at the *Golden*
Ball in *Cornwell*, over against the
Royal Exchange. 1686.





DEDICATION.

To the truly Noble and Illustrious Prince
CHRISTOPHER Duke of ALBE-
MARLE, Earl of Torrington, Barron
Monck of Potheridge, Beauchamp,
and Teyes, Knight of the most Noble
Order of the Garter : And one of
the Lords of his Majesty's most
Honourable Privy Council, &c.

May it please your Grace,

I HAD not presum'd to trouble you with the
reading this Trifle, had I not bin proud of
an Occasion of Dedicating my self, as well
as it, to your service : Scribles of this Nature are
usually design'd only to insipuate the Author into

the good Opinion of his Patron ; but besides that, my Lord, I must confess another meaning, and acknowledge this Minute my happiest, since it gives me an Opportunity of prostrating my self, and Book, at the Feet of a true, Loyal English Nobleman, whose Virtues Lineally descended, have justly received no blemish ; One who may, like the Heroes of Old, suffer depressions through the want of Justice, from byass'd or mistaken Opinions ; but never through want of Merit. Besides my own humble Acknowledgements, my Lord, for the favours I have received from your Grace ; I think it is my Duty, and indeed the duty of every good Subject, as well as my self, with Tears of Joy, to thank you for your late Loyalty, Diligence, and unwearied service of the King, against the Rebels ; in which you faithfully shew'd the unvalued Vertue of your Temper, sparing no Cost, nor omitting no Stratagem, that could advance to the eternal fixing our Great (tho' then scarce settl'd) Monarch in this Throne ; as once your immortal, and I hope (never forgotten) Father, did the late glorious Prince before. We cannot now doubt, but that Almighty Providence has pronounced a long and happy Reign to our Great and Glorious Master ; his late wonderful, as well as fortunate success, sufficiently shews the Eternal Arm was lifted for him, in the Miraculous and speedy scattering and confounding so formidable an Enemy, as the

Rebels were, or wou'd have bin, upon the least
 fleshing and encouragement. Nor shall we ever,
 I hope, forget your Indefatigable Zeal, Policy, and
 Diligence, in defending and keeping a City, which
 they so vehemently aim'd at, as highly conducing
 to their Designs; this was a Piece of Service,
 which (without offence to any one) I hope I may
 presume to say, none but the Son of a Restorer
 could have done, the Brood of Rankst Rebellion,
 like the plague, having reign'd there long before;
 and the Mobile being all poison'd with the per-
 nitious Tenets of a misled, ungrateful Usurper;
 who some years since took his Progress that way,
 to prepare the Party for this purpose. This, Sir,
 your very Enemies (if it is possible you can have
 any) must acknowledge: Nor can I omit the
 Conflicts of your Graces vexation, and dissatisfac-
 tion by being disappointed of ingaging the Enemy,
 as you heartily wish'd, and endeavour'd to do: I
 know the Noble Old General's Genius inspir'd ye;
 and your Martial Spirit even burnt with the Lust
 of Action; you might well be said in this juncture
 to be tortur'd with as much rage for not fighting,
 and Conquering, as a Masterly Poet has written
 of your Glorious Father, when in the late Dutch
 War Ingaging almost a whole Fleet, he was dis-
 abled by Du Ruyter.

“Ruyter he spies, and full of Martial heat,
 Tho' half the Number, thinks the Odds too great;

And swoln with Sense of former Glory Won,
Thought Monk must be by Albemarle out-done."

And at last describing the Fight, and the General's
Rage for the ill success, he goes on,

"Not Virtuous Men, unworthily abus'd ;
Not constant Lover, without Cause refus'd :
Not honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
Hiss'd off the Stage, nor sinners in despair ;
Not Parents mock'd, not Favourites disgrac'd,
Not Rump by Monk or Oliver displac'd ;
Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates e're they dye,
Feel half the rage of Generals when they flye."

This, tho' on a Contrary Theam, I am sure is
not Improperly adapted ; your inward and secret
disturbance for being depriv'd of the Glory you
hop'd for, being rightly considered, was not less,
than that of your Noble Father.

And now, my Lord, for fear of troubling your
Grace with two * prolix an Epistle, which cannot
excuse my fault, for the meanness of what I
present ye, I must make use of the Confidence,
natural to Poets ; and briefly beg to shelter my
self under your Graces Patronage ; whose true
Vertue, and uncommon Sweetness, in favouring
Wit and Merit, where-ever you find it, emboldens
me to expect a favourable reception, in hopes,

* *Sic.*

DEDICATION.

II

that the true English Noble Temper, which influences all Mankind with Admiration, that have the Honour to know you, will not fail to bless particularly with your good Opinion, and pardon the Errors, and Presumption of,

My Lord,
Your Graces most devoted,
Humble Honourer, and
Obeient Servant,

T. D'URFEY.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—♦♦♦—

MEN.

Captain Marine	Mr. Williams.
Du Pier, his Lieutenant . . .	Mr. Griffin.
Boldsprite, the Ships Master .	Mr. Percival.
Franvil { Three wild Fellows of	Mr. Jevan.
Frugal { the Town, that	
Hazard { Ramble to Sea, and	
	Mr. Leigh.
	Mr. Hains.
Surgeon of the Ship	Mr. Sanders.
Don { Governour of several	Mr. Gillow.
Sebastian { Portuguize Islands,	
	but chas'd from
	thence by French
	Pirates.
Nicusa, his Son	Mr. Bowman.
La Mure { A Vilainous French	Mr. Norris.
	Pirate.
Bourcher { His Companion, and	Mr. Harris.
	Friend
Boatswain	Mr. Low.
Chaplain	Mr. Farr.

WOMEN.

Roselia	{ Protectress of the Amazonian Coun- treys }	Mrs. Cory.
Clarinda, Her Eldest Daughter		Lady Slingsby.
Aminta	{ Her youngest Daugh- ter, ravish'd from her by La Mure, in her Infancy, and bred up with him. }	Mrs. Cook.
Menalippe	{ Amazonians }	Mrs. Twiford.
Julietta		Mrs. Percival.
Hippolita		Mrs. Price.
Ariadne		Mrs. Osborn.
Aglaura		Mrs. Knight.
Clita		Miss Nanny.

Sailers, Dancers, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, Covent-Garden.



PROLOGUE.



Spoken by Mr Hains with a Western Scyth
in his Hand.

FROM the West, as Champion in defence
of Wit,

I come, to mow you Critticks of the Pit,
Who think we've not improv'd what Fletcher Writ.
This Godly Weapon first invented was
By Whigs, to cut down Monarchy like Grass ;
But I know better how to use these Tools,
And have reserv'd my Scythe to mow down Fools:
Yet o' my Conscience they wou'd sprout again,
And the Herculean Labour were in vain.
The Pit, like Hydra's, still wou'd yield supplies,
From one lop't Block-head, twenty more would
rise.

A sort of City Critticks yonder sit,
For this destroying Engine not unfit,
Cuckolds were always Enemies to Wit ;

For Wit oft draws the Wife to leave her Spouse,
To take a small Refreshing at our House.
Phantastick Tastes how hard it is to please !
Critticks, like Flyes, have several Species.

There's ~~one~~ ~~that~~ just has paid his grutch'd half-Crown,

Cries, Rot the Play, Pox on't, let's cry it down.
The censuring Spark wou'd fain seem Great and Witty,

Yet Whispers Politicks with Orange Betty ;
She cracks his Philberds, whilst he, in her Ear,
Is Fighting o're again the Western War,
Bragging what numbers his sole Arm has kill'd,
Tho' the vain Fop perhaps was ne're i'th' Field.

Thus Worm that snugs in Shell where it was bred,

Is nothing to the Maggot in his head,
For Harmless Insect that those Nuts create
Is nothing to the Maggot of the Pate,
Now such a Fop as this wou'd I be at.
Another to compleat his daily Task,
Fluster'd with Claret, seizes on a Mask,
Hisses the Play, steals off with Punk i'th' dark,
He Damns the Poet, but she Claps the Spark.
I wonder if the Law cou'd doom one dead,
That now should lop off such a Fellow's Head !
It cannot be found Murther.—And to share
This dreadful Fate, You Critticks all prepare.
For besides all my Scythians yet unseen,
We've yet a Female Common-wealth within,
Who strongly Arm'd like Furies venture on.



A Commonwealth of Women.



ACT I. SCENE I. Covent-Garden.

*(Enter Marine at one Door, Aminta mask'd
at another.)*

Mar. MY Love !

Amint. I hope I am.

[Putting off her Mask.]

Mar. Most certain ; so punctual, and so fair, it
must be she !

Amin. Punctual, you have reason to own me,
for if you knew the Difficulty I have undergone,
to get out to you.

Mar. I can guess at it, and am too sensible of
the Villany of that French-firework, thy Damn'd
Guardian, not to know the Difficulty. But

'prithee tell me, what pretty Stratagem did Love instruct thee with, to make me thus happy?

Amin. After Dinner, 'tis always his Custom to call for Tea, in which I cunningly infus'd a Dram or two of Opium, which made its Operation instantly; for after sneezing two or three times, and according to his usual manner, fetching a Rhumatick Cough from the bottom of his Lungs, which I always pray heartily may choak him.

Mar. And so do I too, Faith. I hope our prayers will be heard one Day.

Amin. He fell fast asleep, and by that means gave me Opportunity to meet an ungrateful Creature here, that is more ready to laugh at me for my Weakness, than reward me for my Love.

Mar. What a barbarous thought is that! Deny it, and make me amends, or I swear I will kiss thee into an Extasie. [Kisses her.]

Amin. Oh! I am fond and foolish: All my Actions shew Woman, silly Woman, and must confess, deserve it.

Mar. Prithee, no more of this, it wrongs my Love. And since we have leasure to talk an Hour, make me so happy to hear the remainder of thy Story; the story of thy Father, and the manner of thy bringing hither to England, under the Tuition of that Villain, that Cursed Pirate La Mure: You have often begun it, but we have bin still interrupted.

Amin. 'Tis a sad Tale ; but I can deny you nothing : If you remember then, I told you that Don Sebastian was my Father. A generous Portuguese ; of Noble House, and Nature ; and Governour of several large Plantations in the Happy Islands ; his Industry and Care made him so rich, that he might vie with Princes ; so stor'd he was with Friends and Gifts of Fortune ! But many years he had not thus continued, when Hell contriving how to blast our Joys, drove on our Shore a number of French Pyrates ; of which La Mure was the most Villainous, and being Captain of the rest, and well stor'd with Ammunition, enter'd upon our Fortress, ruin'd our Plantations ; and chas'd the Peaceful Industrious Portugals, like Flocks of Sheep upon the barren Mountains.

Mar. Inhumane Villains.

Amin. My Father, in this distress, willing to save his Treasure, with the help of my Brother, and a Party of Negro Slaves, secretly Convey'd his Plate, Money, and Jewels into a small Vessel, and put to Sea, with design to return, when they were gone, and comfort us with his Fortune and Policy.

Mar. The Design was prudent, whatever the Event was.

Amin. Oh it was fatal ! for this Curst La Mure having Intelligence by his Spies of my Fathers escape, and not knowing how to pursue him,

turn'd his Rage upon my poor Mother, my Sister, and my self. And having Laden his Ship with the Spoils and Riches of our Island, carried us with him, and then put to Sea.

Mar. Where will this end ?

Amin. You shall know instantly. And the greatest Barbarity that ever Villain acted: For sailing thence a few Leagues, and resolving to be revenged on us, for the loss of my Father's Treasure, he leaves my sighing Mother and a little Sister alone and comfortless upon a wild and barren Island.

Mar. Damn'd Hellish Dog !

Amin. And since that hour, I never heard of 'em. As to my self, (tho' an Infant,) it pleas'd his Devil-ship to like my face. And therefore brought me, (with my Nurse, who has since told me this story;) with him to London; where I have liv'd a melancholly and hated Life ever since: And now am hourly plagu'd with the intollerable Harangues of his Nauseous Love, and impertinent Follies ! Oh Marine !

Mar. Why sighs, my dearest ?

Amin. What shall I do ?

Mar. I'll tell thee, and charge thee by thy Love, Nay, by thy Soul, and its divinest Virtue, To perform my Injunction.

Amin. Can I with Honour do it ?

Mar. Yes, else I would not propose it.

Amin. Speak then, nay quickly, for I fear
he'll wake ere I get back agen.

Mar. This coming night,
When the Tell-tale Clock has told its midnight
story,

And sleep Charms all but Libertines and Lovers,
Steal from his House, and fall into my Arms ;
I have a Ship lies ready in the Port,
Laden and fit to sail, the wind stands fair too,
In her I'll place my Love, and free her from
The hated bondage of her Cursed Jaylor.

Amin. Oh ! I shall ne're endure the Sea agen.

Mar. Rather endure a Storm in all its frights
and dangers, than live to be enslav'd to Villany.

Amin. But if you should forsake me ! Oh
misery !

And leave me helpless on some blasted Countrey,
As he once did my Mother !

Mar. Yet more doubts : by all that's good, you
wrong me ; prithee no more of it. Come, your
Promise ?

Amin. I do : I must.

Mar. At twelve.

Amin. Exactly.

Mar. Till then farewell. Heaven and its Angels
guard thee.

Amin. Oh Love ! thou mak'st us do we know
not what.

[Leads her to the Door. *Ex. Amin.*

(Enter Du Piere, his Sword drawn, Bold-Sprite after him.)

Bolds. Nay prithee Lieutenant, get off further ;
Life, I am affraid the Fellow is kill'd.

D. Pier. Kill'd ! Hang him ; no Sword can
hurt him ;

His Soul and all his Spirits are shrunk so low
into his heels. 'Tis impossible any wound given
him should be Mortal. A Slave, to abuse our
noble Admiral. By this Hilt, if thou hadst not
stood in my way, I would have cut the Rogue
into Stakes, and have eaten him up for my Break-
fast.

Marin. How now, Lieutenant, what's the
matter ?

D. Pier. Captain, your Humble Servant. I
Plague on't, I know not, a damn'd huffing fellow
yonder, a Rebel, Whiggy Buffle head—I know
not what to make of him, not I—had the Impu-
dence, to my Face, to affront our great Master
the Admiral.

Marin. And thou hast kill'd him I warrant.

D. Pier. Clapt him through the Guts—Ham-
string'd him ; broke out six or seven of his Teeth
with the Pummel of my Sword, or so : But I'll
be pox'd, if he does not live to be hang'd for all
this.

Mar. Prithee, do not thou tempt thy Fate, and

live to be hang'd instead of him : Our City Juries will shew thee but little favour or affection, if thou once com'st into their Clutches.

D. Pier. Consume 'em : I'll sooner make my self Immortal, with a pennyworth of Rats bane, than stand to the Courtesie of such a Cry of Blood-hounds. But prithee, Captain, when shall we to Sea agen ? Pox of this Dirty part of the World, a Man only fowls his Linnen here, and draws Air amongst the Rout of Rebels—I am clearly for the Watry Element : And had rather Converse with Dolphins, Whales, and Porpices, than our Natives : Why, they are honest Creatures, and better Company.

Mar. They are so i'faith : and thou shalt be with them suddenly. For I have some urgent business will call me aboard within these few hours. And to morrow, if the Wind sit fare, adieu old England.

D. Pier. By the green Neptune, I am glad on't : A Brummingham Son of a Whore, affront the Noble Admiral ! Nay, 'tis well they scour'd, we should have made a separation between some of their Souls and Bodies else before this time, hah, Master !

Mar. What, has my Master bin in the Skirmish too ?

D. Pier. Yes Faith, the old Lad was all hands aloft with 'em. I saw him clap one of 'em thro'

the Shoulder, and throw a couple more into the Cellar, that I saw him do.

Mar. Why, well said old Sea-mark.

Bolds. Me! Why, how now, d'ee doubt me? Give me but a good Cause, and a good Sword, and if I flinch, hang me on the Top-Mast-Head, or flea me, and make Ship-Buckets of my Hide. What, I have not had so many Towels drawn through me for nothing, sure!

Mar. Ha, ha, ha. But hark you, Lieutenant, a word with thee; I must require thy assistance in a business to night.

D. Pier. Require—Command, dear Captain! Pox of requirings and requests—your Ear—is there a Man or Woman in the Case?

Mar. A Woman, Du Piere! An Angel Woman! a Fortune too, and Young as the Rose-bud—Beautiful as the Blushing Morning; and as willing as my self.

D. Pier. Good. Well, must we scale for her, or steal her Cunningly? Must we mount the Counterscarp like Men of Mettle; or spueeze our selves, like Cats, into the Cellar Window?

Mar. Neither; she will meet us half way.

D. Pier. Gad, a Gentlewoman I warrant her: Is there no one else but her to take care of?

Mar. Why, Faith yes, there may a Man come into her rescue, which if it happen, I must enjoyn thee to ——

D. Pier. Cut his Throat——Humh.

Mar. No, no ; onely oppose him, whilst I get off with my fair Prize.

D. Pier. Well, I shall Cut his Throat, my mind gives me, I shall ; if he takes away the Woman he must take away this too ; then Lord have mercy upon his Winde-pipe, I say.

Mar. But what shall we do for a third Man, in case of Danger ? who, amongst the Ships Crew, can we trust in such a business ?

D. Pier. Why, Old Tarr there, against the World : There was not such another for a Wench, since Noah's Flood.

Bolds. Captain, if you dare trust me in your Affair, they shall saw off my Beard with a Back-Sword, e're I leave you : Tho' I care not this for the Woman——for my part, I am past these things.

Mar. Well, well, my good Friend, I will be oblig'd to thee. Go then instantly and prepare the Barge, and meet me at Eleven, here at the Corner of the Piazza.

D. Pier. The Wind favours our Design rarely too ; besides, we shall have more Company, for there are three or four young Blades, acquaintance of mine, that it seems are married to ill Wives, and to avoid 'em, design to take a Ramble, and go Reformades with us ; for I told 'em it could not be long before we should put to Sea ; and

since it happens thus opportunely — I'll send instantly to give 'em notice.

Mar. Do——if they are of the Town-breed, they may prove very good Diversion for us.

D. Pier. The best in the World, Faith, I know 'em to a Hair——They supt to night at the Rose, and I believe are there still, for they are no Starters, to my knowledge——I'll step into your Lodging, since 'tis so near hand, and write a Letter to 'em to be ready.

Mar. I'll go with thee, and prepare all things for our Adventure——Ah, Lieutenant ! This Fortune-stealing is a blessed business, is it not ?

D. Pier. Ah, if she were but old, tough, and stanch ! Pox on't, I hate your young Weehees, Skitish Colts——they are so hard mouth'd, there's no dealing with 'em.

Mar. I hope to see thee fitted one day ; Come, Let's away,——— [Exeunt.]

SCENE, A Tavern.

(Enter Franville, Frugal, and Hazard, at a Table with two Lights.)

Fran. ARE we all agreed, then ?

<i>Frug.</i>	} All, all ! most Con-
<i>Haz.</i>	

Fran. Let's hear the Oath once more. Come,

Frugal—my Merchant Royal ; thou shalt be Speaker. Silence.

Frug. First we have sworn to take a Ramble to Sea for three years, and during that Term, we have oblig'd our selves never to converse with our Wives, kiss our Wives, nor remember our Wives.

Fran. No, nor Children, but let them stay at home, keep Lent, and chew the Cud.

Frug. And to this we all once more swear.

All. All, all.

Frug. Kiss the Book.

[*Kisses a Woman's Shoe.*]

Haz. But harkee, Gentlemen, now I have sworn this, 'tis fit I should know the meaning on't —'Tis but just we declare some Reasons why we leave our Wives,—hah?

Fran. 'Tis so : Let one speak then, and the other two shall be Judges.

Haz. Do you begin then.

Fran. With all my Heart : Why, first then, most Judicious Auditors, the Reason why I desert my Matrimony is, because she grudges me my Dress, and Garniture, and takes more care to lace her own Petticoat, than my Pantaloons. Besides, she knows that Dress and Garniture, as I said before, are the only Comforts of my Life : I should lead the life of a Dog, if it were not for my Feathers, my Fiddles, and my Fineries : But I'll be reveng'd for her, for I have prepared a Ward

robe, that shall outshine the Sun in the new World, where we are going. And resolve to bid adieu to my damn'd Dog with a Bottle at home: What say you now? Have I not Reason?

Frug. } Reason! reason! great reason.
Haz. }

Haz. Come, now Merchant—now, let's here thine?

Frug. Mine! nay, if I have not Reason, the Devil's in't! Mine! why, look ye, In the first place, Gentlemen, you must know that I am a Cuckold.

Fran. Very good.

Frug. My Wife is an eternal Scold, and had two By blows before I marry'd her.

Fran. Hem! Let's have no more on't; Tace! thou hast very Substantial Reason, Faith.

Haz. Most Powerful! there's great strength of Reason in't.

Frug. I think so. Besides, she was lavish and extravagant, and continually rail'd at my Usury, and honest turning the penny: But to be reveng'd on her, I cunningly broke lately, have put all my Plate, Money, and Jewels into two Chests, and intend to seek some other Countrey; where I will live, grow rich, and plant a Colony. Now your approbations, Gentlemen? Have I not Reason?

Fran. Ay; the Deme take me, if thou hast not. But come Sharper, now for thee. What occasion hadst thou to leave thy Wife?

Haz. Oh ! occasion enough, Faith.

Frug. What, prithee ?

Haz. Because I could not keep her.

Fran. Pithy and short.

Frug. A very solid Reason in troth, and must pass muster.

Haz. Besides, I have had an Antipathy to Woman-kind, ever since I saw one of 'em unscruce her Nose one night——Oh, that Nose ! that Nose has stuck in my Stomach plaguily.

Fran. Hell. I see we are all fixt, and of one mind : And resolve to forget and despise that Vexatious and Impertinent Sex. For my own part, I hate a Woman heartily.

Haz. And I.

Frug. And all things with flat Bottoms I abominate.

(Enter Drawer with a Letter.)

Drawer. Sir, here's a Letter just now left at our House, directed to you. [*To Fran. and reads it.*]

Fran. News, news, my Lads ! rare news !

Haz. What, prithee ?

Fran. The Captain's just a going ; the Ship is fall'n down, and the Barge given order for : here's a Letter from the Lieutenant, that says, they'l be gone by four a Clock this morning. I'le e'en go instantly and get ready my Money and Wardrobe :

And then adieu dear Dog with a Bottle, as I said before.

Frug. And I my Chests of Plate and Jewels.

Haz. And I my Cat, and my Bale of Dice :
For that's all my Cargo.

Fran. Come away, Boys ; make haste, we shall lose the wind else.

Frug. I'll be ready in a moment. [*Exeunt.*]

Haz. If I can but draw 'em in to play in the new World, where we are a going — I am made for ever. Well, Fortune for me, there lyes all my hopes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, Covent-Garden.

(*Enter Marine, Du Pierre and Boldsprite.*)

Mar. **D**OST thou see that light in the Window there?

D. Pier. Yes, I thank my Fortune I have been acquainted with such Stars before now : and on these Occasions two : But I had rather that Metcor were extinguisht for all that Captain, lest we should be seen.

Mar. 'Tis past twelve, and few people pass this way.

D. Pier. I fancy your Fortune-stealer to be very like your venison-stealer, that thinks himself oblig'd to the Moon, till he has got his Game ;

but afterwards wishes her in a dark-Lanthorn, for fear it should be taken from him.

Mar. Master, be sure you scout diligently, and tell us if any one comes.

Bolds. Go too, go too, mind your Business, and make haste, 'tis well there's Money in the Case. Before I would stand quaking here for a squab sucking Rabbit, that's hardly worth the skinning, I'd as soon stand Sentinel upon one of the moles at Argier, tho' I were sure of neither Pay nor Provender.

Mar. Hark ! What noise was that ? Didst hear no noise.

D. Pier. Some body at prayers, I think : Pox on't, we shall have ill luck.

Bolds. 'Tis some dreaming Phanatick or other is singing of Psalms in's sleep.

D. Pier. Come, Captain, prithee give the Sign. I long to have the Treasure in our Custody : That if any resistance happens, we may fight for something.

Mar. This must be the Door. Harkee, Lieutenant, prithee look to that corner of the Street—I think I hear the Constable and Watch.

D. Pier. No. Rot 'em, they are making themselves drunk with Brandy. They'l ne'er mind us. Come, come, the sign, the sign.

[*Marine whistles.*]

(*Enter Aminta with a Candle and Casket above.*)

Amin. Who's there ?

D. Pier. What's that there in white ?

Mar. Hush, it must be she.

D. Pier. In her Smock, I hope : To make a quicker despatch of the Business.

Amint. Who's there ?

Mar. 'Tis I.

Amin. Are you alone ? What's that yonder ?

Mar. Two worthy Friends, that I've intrusted to assist me.

Amin. Oh my, my Love : How shall I get to thee ? For this jealous Wretch has taken the Key of the Street-door into his Chamber.

Mar. Leap into my Arms, I can bear thy weight with ease.

Bolds. 'Sbud, would I had her weight in Tobacco or Pepper. Why, what a bustle's here with a green Artichoak ?

Amin. No—I must venture to get it from thence : In the mean time, catch this Casket ; keep it diligently, for 'tis worth your Care : whilst I go and try my Fortune. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Make haste, my Dearest : For I am impatient, till I have thee in my Arms. Lieutenant !

D. Pier. How now ? What has Heav'n sent us ?

Mar. There's something in this Casket, Lieutenant, that will pay for our trouble.

D. Pier. Why, merry be her Heart : I like a Wench that pays well for her Man, before she has him : and of all Mistresses, your giving Mistress ought most to be admir'd.

[A noise of breaking a Looking-glass within.]

Mar. Hark, what's that?

D. Pier. Mischief ! I'll lay my Life : The Truce is broken, and War will ensue. Tarr, haul up thy Main Sheet, there's a Storm a coming.

[Enter Aminta below.]

Amin. Oh, undone, undone ! ruin'd for ever !

D. Pier. I thought so.

Mar. What's the matter, Sweet ! Fear nothing. Thou art safe as in a Castle here.

Amin. Eagerly reaching the Key out of the Window, my Sleeve hicht in the great Looking-glass, pull'd it after me, and broke it in pieces : Which has, I am sure, alarm'd the House. Hark——I hear 'em coming.

D. Pier. Well, well, and let 'em come. Captain, retreat you off with your Lady. Tarr, Come hither, and fix thy foot to mine : By this Hilt, if they come on, we'll mawle 'em.

Bolds. Is there any Plunder to be got, Boy ? This scouring for nothing is such cold Work——

(Enter La Mure and Boucher, with their Swords drawn——and three more.)

La Mur. O Diable ! Rascal ! Robera Teefe !

V're are yee? Vat hoa! Jacka, Petra, Tobee!
Vere are ye all, Sons of Whore? I am robbe:
Oh Jernee! Mondieu, Here de are! fall on.

D. Pier. Harkee, Diable! Rascale! Teefe! or
what do you call your self? Get you gon, or I
shall so pink your Guts, d'ee hear?

La Mur. Morbleu, Villain! pinka my Guts.
Courage.

D. Pier. Nay, if you will be paunch'd, have at
your French paunch. [*Fight, and beat 'em off.*]

Bourch. What, hoa, Watch! Watch! Thieves,
Thieves, murder.

Bolds. Sirrah, I'll spoil your Cackling presently.

(*Enter Constable and Watch.*)

Const. Stand, who goes there?

D. Pier. Oh, Mr. Constable you are come
opportunely: Here are a Company of disguis'd
Turks, wou'd have Committed a Rape upon a
Lady just now; if it had not bin for this Gentle-
man, and my self.

Const. How, Turks in my Territories!

D. Pier. Notorious ones. They are all hous'd
within there.

Const. Do I represent the King's Person, and
suffer Mahomet under my Nose, hah?

(*Enter La Mure, &c.*)

La Mur. Monsieur Constable, Monsieur Con-
stable!

D. Pier. Seize, Seize him, Mr. Constable. He is a Mufti ; and came over from St. Omers, with Doctor what d'ee call him ?

Const. A Mufti ! down with him, down with him, I say.

La Mur. Why, Monsieur Constable, vat you do ? Is de Teevil in you ?

Watch. Search the House, search the House—

[*All go in.*]

Du Pier. Come Tarr, let's put off now : And go aboard immediately : I think the Coast is clear—

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. Scene I.

A Tempestuous Sea. Thunder and Lightning.

(*Enter Boldsprite and three Sailors.*)

Bolds. **L**AY her aloof: the Sea grows Boistrous : How it spits against the Clouds ! how it Capers ! And how the Thunder-thumping Element frights it back—There are Devils dancing Air, I think ; I saw a Dolphin just now hang in the horns of the Moon—shot from a Wave ! Hey, how she kicks ! how she yerks ! Down with the Main Mast there, lay her at Hull. Furl up her Linnens, and let her ride it out.

i. Sail. She'll never brook it, Master : She's so deep Laden, that she'll bulge.

2. *Sail.* We have discover'd the Land, Sir ; pray let's make in, she's so drunk, she may chance to cast up her Lading.

1. *Sail.* Stand in, Stand in. We are all lost else.

Bolds. Steer her a Starboard there. What, ho ! call up the Boatswain. Holloa—below there !

(*Enter Boatswain, Marine, Du Pier, Franvil, Frugal, Hazard, Surgeon.*)

Boats. What says my Master ? what shall we do ? We must cast up all her Lading : she will not swim an hour else.

Mar. What comfort, Master ? I never saw, since I've known the Sea, so rude a Tempest ! In what condition are we ?

Bolds. Dangerous enough, Sir. We have sprung five Leaks ; and no little ones ; Besides, her Ribs are open : and Rudder almost spent : But come, have good Courage. Death comes but once, and let him come in all his fury. [*Thunders still.*]

Boats. The Storm is so lowd, we cannot hear one another.

D. Pier. What's the Coast.

Boats. We know not yet. Let's bear in with all the Sail we can. [*Thunder agen.*]

Surg. Master, see what a Thunder-clap is coming : Oh Lord ! how dreadful it looks.

D. Pier. Ye fearful Rogue. Sirrah, thou hast bin praying, I see it in thy Face ; thou hast bin

mumbling, when we are splitting. You Slave, is this a time to discourage your Friends with your Cold Ejaculations. Sirrah——let me but see thee look Religiously agen, and I'll flea thee, as I would an Eele.

Mar. Is't not possible to make in to the Land?
'Tis here before us.

Fran. Here, hard by, Sir.

Boldsp. Death is nearer, Gentlemen.

Frug. Oh, oh, oh.

D. Pier. Why, there's another Rogue now with his Bagpipes: Prithee, dear Captain, give me leave to throw that Maudlin Fellow over-board.

Haz. Come let's go in, and read.

Frug. Ay, come——

[*Exit Fran. Frug. and Haz.*]

Mar. Let's hoist the Boat out, and go all at one Cast; the more the merrier.

Bolds. Hold, you are too hasty, Captain; d'ee long to be in the Fish-market, before your time? hold her up there.

[*Thund. r still.*]

(*Enter Aminta, and Chaplain.*)

Amin. Oh miserable Fortune!

D. Pier. So! now we are like to have rare Musick?

Chap. Mercy, mercy, what will become of us? Pray, Gentlemen——pray.

D. Pier. Lookee! prithee, my Dear; no more words now, by this Light —— thou art the most

unseasonable Rogue in a Storm. Nay, prithee be gone.

Chapl. Pray, Gentlemen ; pray, pray——

[*Ex. Chaplain.*]

Amint. Nothing but horror sounding in my Ears : No promise of rest to my poor frighted Soul ! gentle Master, is there no hopes ?

Bolds. None, that I know ! Dev'l, Clap this Woman under hatches.

Mar. Prithee speak mildly to her. Have patience, Sweet.

Bolds. Keep her thus, keep her thus.

Amint. Oh, that Wave will devour me !
Oh——

Bolds. Carry her down, Captain —— or by these hands I'll give no more Direction. We have ne're better Luck, when we have such Stowage as these Trinckets with us. These sweet Sin-breeders ; how can Heaven smile on us—— when such a Burthen of Iniquity——lyes tumbling like a potion in the Ships belly.

[*Ex Bolds. D. Pier. Sea-men.*]

Amint. What shall I do, my Heart and Senses fail me ?

Mar. Come in with me. And try if thou canst sleep :

Thy pretty Heart wild-fears so long have rock'd ;
Calm rest will steal upon it.

Amint. Oh Marine,

Remember, 'tis for you I meet these Dangers.
For you, expose my self to Seas and Horrors, and
fears innumerable.

Marine. I kow thou dost.

And think too, I have treasur'd the Remembrance
within me here, fast lock'd up in my heart; and
yet I doubt not but a Day will come——To
Crown our flourishing Loves, and make us happy.

[*Exit.*

(*Enter Boldspile, Du Pier, Franvil, Frug.
Hazard, Surgeon, and Boatswain.*)

Bolds. Throw out the Lading, it must all over-
board.

Boats. It clears to Sea ward, Master: Heave
out there; Let's lighten her! all the Meat and
the Cakes. We are all gone else. That we may
find her Leaks, and hold her up.

Frug. Must my goods over too? Kind, honest
Master:

Why, here lies all my Money——the money I
have rak'd by Usury, to buy new Lands and
Mannors in new Countreys.——I have been these
20 years a raising.

D. Pier. Over with it.

The Devils are got together by the Ears, who
shall have it.——And here they quarrel in the
Clouds.

Frug. Oh, I am undone!

D. Pier. Hang ye, Mungrels, would you be only happy ?

Frug. Save but one Chest of Plate !

D. Pier. Away with it lustily, Sailers ; it was some Pawn that he has got unjustly, down with it low enough ; and let Crabs breed in't.

(Enter Marine.)

Boldsp. Over with the Truncks too.

Mer. Take mine, and spare not.

Boldsp. Nay, nay ; all that has weight must go.

Frau. Will you throw away my Lordship, that I sold, to buy me a fine Wardrobe—For pity's sake, be favourable to my fine Wardrobe.

D. Pier. Over with it—I love to see a Lordship sink. My Friend, you left no Wood upon't, to buoy it up, you might have sav'd it else.

Haz. For my part, I have nothing of weight, but my Prayer-Book : And that, I am resolv'd, shall not burden the Ship. There 'tis.—

[Throws it Over-board.]

D. Pier. Why, well said !

Surg. Come, come, Lieutenant, you may lose too.

D. Pier. Thou ly'st : I have nothing to lose, but my Maidenhead, my Skin, my Cloaths, my Sword here, and my Self, two Crowns in my Pocket, two pair of Cards, and three false Dice—I can swim like a Fish, Rascal, nothing to hinder me.

Boats. In with her of all hands.

Bolds. Come, Captain, come Gentlemen : Ye must all help, my Life now for the Land. 'Tis high, and very Rocky.

Mar. However, let's attempt it.

Boats. Then Cheer lustily, my Hearts, and away with her. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, a Barren Island.

(Enter Sebastian, and Nicusa, savagely drest.)

Sebast. IT must be a Ship—I see it now ; a tall Ship, she has wrought lustily for her Deliverance ! Heav'ns Mercy ! what a dismal Day has here been ?

Nicus. To still and quiet Minds that know no Miseries, it may seem wretched ; but with us 'tis ordinary. Heav'n has no Storm in store, nor Earth no Terror, that can seem new to us.

Sebast. 'Tis true, my Son ;
If Fortune were determin'd to be wanton,
And wou'd wipe out the story of Mens Miseries,
Yet we two, living still, should cross her purpose :
Can'st thou see 'em ? Do they live still ?

Nicu. Yes : and make to Shore !

Sebast. Most miserable Men, I pity 'em.

Nicu. What Shouts of Joy they make ?

[Shouts.]

Sebast. Alas ! poor Wretches !

Had they but once experience of this Island,
They'd turn their Shouts to Howlings.

Nicu. Nay, to Curses !

That ever they set Foot on this sad place.

Sebast. Sad indeed : where nothing is but Rocks
and Barrenness ;

Hunger and Cold—Here's no Vineyards
To cheer the Heart of Man : nor Chrystal Rivers,
After his Labour, to refresh his Body ;
If he be Feeble, nothing to restore him,
But Heav'nly Hopes : Nature, that made those
Remedies,

Dares not come here, nor look on our Distresses,
For fear she turn Wild, like the Place, and Barren.

Nicu. Then, Sir, the memory of what we were,
When we were seated in our blessed homes,
Gives us a double Misery.

Sebast. Oh Curse on those French Pirates that
displanted us,
And drove me from my Wife and pretty Children.
To live a wretched Life, upon this fatal Island.

Nicu. They are living yet, I hope, Sir ; such
Goodness
Cannot perish.

Sebast. They may live—but never to me, my
Son,
Never to me again—Look on't—What bear
Their Flagg-staves ?

Nicu. The Arms of England.

Sebast. They get to Shore apace. What's that which Swims?

Nicu. A strong young Man ! with a hansom Woman hanging about his Neck.

Sebast. A Noble Fellow, I warrant him !
May this brave Charity, who e're thou art,
Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,
And not dye here.

Nicu. Their Boat is seems turn'd over,
And forc'd them to their Shifts, yet all are landed—
They are certainly Pyrates.

Sebast. Let 'em be what they will, they will not
Rob us ;

For none will take our Misery for Riches ;
Come, Son, let us descend, and try their Pities ;
If we get off, we have a little hopes ;
If not, we shall but load this wretched Island
With the same Shaddows still that must grow
shorter. [*Exeunt.*

*(Enter Marine, Aminta, Du Pier, Boldsprite,
Franvil, Frugal, Hazard, Boatswain,
Surgeon, and Sailers.)*

D. Pier. Wet come a Shore, my Hearts ; we are
safe arriv'd tho'.

Mar. Thanks to Heavens Goodness ! and no
Man lost neither, but the poor Chaplain.

D. Pier. Ay—the poor Soul-Broker's gone,
he was wash'd, with a Wave, off the Quarter-

Deck—I saw his Cassock and he fluttering between Wind and Water, a great while——Well, Peace be with him, he was too good for us.

Mar. The Weather's turn'd more Courteous : and the Ship rides fair too, and her Leaks in good plight :

How does my Dear? Alas, poor Heart !

How weak she is, and wet !

Amin. I am glad I escap'd with Life :
For which, Dear Captain, I am oblig'd to you :
Oh let the Heavens but bless me with a means
How to reward such Love, and I am happy.

Mar. This Rosy kiss rewards me ten times o're,
And this ten thousand.

Amin. I cannot speak for Joy. [*Embrace.*

Mar. My Dearest Life——Well, what cheer,
my Lads?

D. Pier. Faith ! no great Cheer, Captain ! a piece of Sous'd Bisket, and half a hard Egg : For the Sea has taken order, being young and strong, we shall not surfeit : For my own part, the Water has made a mere Toste of me ; I am sopt rarely : However, I'll Dance till I am dry : Come, Surgeon, out with your Glister-pipe, Sirrah, and strike a Galliard.

Mar. Why, what a brave day is here? And what fair Weather, after so foul a Storm?

Frug. Ay, if the Master had not been bewitch'd, he might have foreseen this Weather, and have

sav'd our Goods ! Oh my dear Plate and Jewels !
Oh my dear Money ! Vengeance on the Master.

Franv. Ay, and twenty small Curses beside ; I
have lost my fine Wardrobe ; oh insupportable !
the Ladies will hate me.

Mar. Oh never think on 'em : VVe have our
Lives and Healths !

Haz. For my part, I've lost nothing, but my
Pray'r Book : I sav'd my other Cargo, my bale of
Dice : therefore I am happy.

Frug. Not think of 'em, Sir ! I must and will
think of 'em : And that 'twas most maliciously
done, to undo me.

Fran. And me too : I lost all :
I had fifteen fair Suits : the worst of 'em Em-
broider'd ; and now I ha'n't so much as a Shirt left.

D. Pier. Ha, ha, ha, hast not, Faith ?

Fran. No, by this Light ; nor ragg of Cloaths
neither, but these poor things.

D. Pier. Give me thy hand : I am glad on't
with all my heart. Is thy Skin whole ?

Fran. Sir, you may spare your Raillery.

D. Pier. Faith, I shannot ! Harkee, wilt thou
see a Dog-fish now rise in one of thy brave
Doublets ? And tumble like a Tub, to make thee
merry ? Or an Old Haddock rise with thy Beaver
Hat on ? A Mermaid in a Waistcoat of your
Worships ; or a Dolphin with your Point Crevat ?

Fran. You are merry, Sir ; but if I take it

thus—if I be foisted and jeer'd out of my VVardrobe——

Frug. Nor I, neither.

Haz. Nor will I leave my Friends.

Frug. Neither Master, nor Mate, nor none of you shall abuse me : I say our Goods might have been sav'd ; and I'll have satisfaction. \

Mar. Nay, be not angry, Gentlemen.

Fran. Sir, we have reason : And some Friends I can make.

Bolds. Why, you Scoundrels ! was not what I did for the general Safety ? if you aim at me, I am not so tame——

Haz. No, nor we neither. [Offer to draw.

D. Pier. Pray take my Counsel, Gallants : Fight not till the Surgeon be well, d'ee hear ? He's damnable Sea-sick yonder : and may spoil all : Besides, he has lost his Fiddlestick——And the best box of Boars-grease. Nay—do not draw your swords ; for if you do.——

Mar. Who would you fight with, Gentlemen ? Who has done you wrong ? For shame be better temper'd ; no sooner come to give thanks for our safeties, but we must raise new Civil Broils among us——Put up, put up, for shame.——

Fran. We have been wrong'd, Sir, and damnable too.

D. Pier. Nay, looker ; if you will needs fight, and think to raise new Riches by your Valours,

come—have at you : I have little else to do now : I have said my Prayers—You say you have lost, and make your Loss your Quarrel, and grumble at my Captain here, and the Master : two worthy Persons, indeed, too worthy for such Rascals—Come you Wardrobe Gallant, come on : and you, Money Merchant, that build on Golden Monuments in Potosi. Come, draw all your Swords, ye say ye are miserable?

Mar. Put up, Gentlemen, or, by this light, he'll swinge you damnably—I see't in's Face.

D. Pier. Captain, stand by a little : And see how I'll correct 'em. I'll make 'em ten times poorer—I will not leave 'em—for look you, fighting is as nourishing to me, as eating : I was born quarrelling.

Mar. Come, they'l Consider.

D. Pier. I will not leave 'em skin to cover 'em : there's no joint shall stand in's proper place. D'ee grumble when you are well, you Rogues?

Fru. A Devilish Fellow this Lieutenant. Gad he has quash'd me already.

D. Pier. 'Scape drowning, and d'ee prate?

Amin. Pray, Gentlemen, for my sake be quiet ; let it become me to make all Friends.

Fran. We have so much breeding, not to deny a Lady any thing : Come let's put up.

Frug. Ay, aye : We were to blame, to draw before the Lady, that's the truth on't.

Has. This passion, and too much Courage, is a damnable fault.

D. Pier. 'Tis well, 'tis very well : There's half a Bisket, break it amongst you all, and thank my Bounty ; that is Cloaths and Plate too now. Come no more quarrels.

(Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.)

Mar. Ha ! in the name of wonder, what have we here ? Are they humane Creatures ?

D. Pier. I have heard of Sea-Calves.

Amint. They are no shadows sure, they have legs and arms.

D. Pier. Ay, they hang but scurvily on though.

Surg. What Beards they have ?

D. Pier. They have sown Horse Tails to their Faces, to keep——'em warm.

Amint. How their Eyes are sunk, as if they had bin frightened ; sure they are wretched Men ?

D. Pier. There are Wardrobes for you : Look you, my Friend, what do you think of these now for a Couple of Courtiers ?

Bolds. They kneel, sure they would beg something.

Mar. What are you ? Speak, are you Substances, or wandring shadows, that find no peace on Earth, till you reveal some secret ?

Sebast. We are Men as you are, onely our Miseries make us seem Monsters ; if ever pity dwelt in noble Hearts——

Mar. Stand up, and speak boldly.

Nicus. If you are Christians, and by that blessed Name bound to relieve us. Convey us from this Island.

D. Pier. Speak———what are you ?

Sebast. Of honourable Birth ; to tell you more,
VVere but to number up our own Calamities,
And make our Eyes wilde with perpetual weep-
ings ;

This many years, in this most wretched Island
VVe two have liv'd, the Scorn and Game of For-
tune,

Bless your selves from it ! noble Gentlemen !
The greatest plagues that Humane Nature suffers,
Are seated here : VVildness and VVants innu-
merable.

Mar. How came you hither ?

Sebast. In a small Vessel : Driven hither by
French Pyrates, to save my VVealth from those
insulting Robbers.

Amin. French Pyrates ! Oh my heart !

Mar. Is all the Island uninhabited ?

Nicus. Most desolate, neither Man nor Beast
to comfort or sustain us.

Sebast. No summer here to promise any thing,
Nor Autumn to make full the Reaper's hand ;
The Earth, obdurate to the Tears of Heav'n,
Let's nothing shoot or grow, but poisonous
VVeeds :

No Rivers, nor no pleasant Groves : No Beasts.
 All that were made for Man's use, flye this place.
 Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of Nature.
 Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing VVaters,
 Sometimes we finde a fulsome Sea Root,
 And that's a Delicate ; a Rat sometimes,
 And that we hunt, like Princes in their pleasure ;
 And if we take a Toad, we make a Banquet.

Frug. Oh Lord ! we shall be starv'd too !
 Mercy on us, eat a Toad ! did he say ?

Fran. VVould I were at home agen with my
 dear Matrimony, I begin to be weary of rambling.

Amint. For Heaven's sake let's aboard, I would
 discourse with this Fellow ; for my mind gives me,
 he can tell me something of my Father ?

[*Apart to the Captain.*

Mar. D'ee know no farther ?

Nicusa. VVe have sometimes seen the shadow
 of a place

Inhabited : And heard the noise of Hunters.

And have attempted to find it as far as a River,
 Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenc'd with high
 Rocks,

VVould give us leave ; but not able to atchieve
 that Hazard,

Return'd to our old miseries : And, Gentlemen,
 If this sad story may deserve your pities—

Mar. You shall aboard with us ; we will relieve
 you.

Sebast. VVe will not be unthankful for this Benefit ;

No, Gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance :
Look you, that plough the Sea for wealth and pleasure,

That out-run Day and Night with 'your Ambitions :
Look on those heaps, remove 'em, view 'em fully.

D. Pir. By Heaven, 'tis Gold and Jewels !

Fran. How !

Frug. VVhat's that ? Gold and Jewels !

Sebast. Be not too hasty, here lies another heap.

Bolds. And here another ; all Gold ! by this Light.

Mar. Stand farther off, you must not be your own Carvers.

Frug. VVe have shares, and large ones——
I'll have my Plate and Money made good.

Fran. And I my VVardrobe.

Haz. Ay, and we'll Carve our selves too.
VVhat hoa ! Fellow-Sailers, stand to your freedoms : Gold, gold. [Enter Sailers.

Sebast. Take heed, Gentlemen ;
This Gold was the overthrow of my happiness.
For landing here with a party of Negro-Slaves,
That I commanded to assist me against the
Pirates :

This cursed Gold enticing 'em, they set upon me,
and my Son here ; wounded us almost to Death.

And then their Civil Swords, who should be owners :

First in their rage, consum'd the vessel that brought us,
And next themselves by heaps. Oh be you wise and careful.

Frug. Tell me not of Care, Sir—holloa ! All that will share with us—assist us. I'll have all this.

[*They scramble.*]

Fran. And I this.

D. Pier. You shall be hang'd first : Captain, let's set in.

Mar. This Damn'd Gold will undo us all.

Frug. My Losses must be made good.

Fran. And so must mine ; or else this Sword shall right me.

Mar. Nay if you will be Dogs—— [*Draws.*]

D. Pier. Let me come, Captain.

This Golden Age must have an Iron ending :

Have at the Bunch. [*Falls on, and beats 'em off.*]

Amint. Stay, dear Marine ! Lieutenant, oh Heavens ! what will become of us ?

[*Exit after them.*]

Sebast. Now Fortune favour us. Come Son, if we stay here, we dye : Here rides their Ship. Whilst they are gone to the spoil——let us make quick use, and get off.

Nicus. Away ——Dear Father.

Sebast. This Gold was our overthrow.

Nicus. It may be now our happiness. [*Exeunt.*

(*Re-enter Marine, Du Pier, and the rest.*)

D. Pier. You shall have Gold ; Yes ! I'll cram it into you—you shall be your own Carvers, yes ; I'll carve you, base greedy Rogues. Captain, let's make an end of 'em.

Mar. No—hang 'em, though they are Villains, yet they are our countreymen : prithee Master get the Boat ready, and let's aboard.

Fran. Oh, I am hurt to Death.

Frug. And I—my Leg is almost cut off—
Oh.

(*Re-enter Surgeon and Boatswain.*)

Sur. Oh Captain, we are undone, we are undone ; all miserable ! ruin'd—lost—the Ship—the Ship.

Mar. What of her ?

Sur. Oh she's under sail, and floating : See where she flies—see to your shames, you Wretches, those poor starved things that shew'd us Gold, have chous'd us.

D. Pier. We are snapt finely.

Boats. They have cut her Cables, and got her out : The Tide too has befriended them.

Mar. Oh damn'd misfortune ! why, where were all the Saylers that kept her ?

Bolds. Here in the Mutiny to take up Money, with a Pox to 'em : And left no Creature ; left the

Boat a shore too. Oh this Gold ! This damn'd bewitching Gold.

Frug. Oh we shall be starv'd, we shall be starv'd

Haz. Come back, good Men ; come back, good old Men——

Frug. Come back, good honest Men.

[*Kneeling.*

D. Pier. Come back, good Men, come back : Yes, 'tis very likely they will ! D'ee look like Dogs now ? Are your mighty Courages abated ?

[*Jeers 'em, and throws 'em down.*

Amint. This is the worst of miseries : Oh what shall we do ?

D. Pier. Retire, Sir, and comfort her, and let us make the best use of our Misfortune : I'll but vex these Rascals a little, and come to you straight——

[*Ex. Mar and Aminta.*

Frug. Oh I am hurt and hungry, hurt and hungry, very hungry.

D. Pier. Here's a pestle of a Portigue, Sir. 'Tis excellent meat, with soure Sawce : And here's two Chains, you may suppose 'em Sawsages : Then there wants Mustard ; but the Surgeon there will supply that presently with Salves.

Surg. My Salves and all my Instruments are lost, and I am hurt and starv'd.

D. Pier. Starv'd ! what in a Land that flows with Milk and Honey ! a second Canaan ! Come, Faith, let's go all to supper.

Omnes. Ay, where's the meat?

D. Pier. Where's the meat? VVhy, what a Veal voice is there?

Frug. Veal——gad would we had it.

Fran. Ay, or Mutton either: tho' 'twere of a rotten Sheep that dy'd in a Ditch.

D. Pier. Now would I cut your throats ye Dogs; but that I won't do you such a Courtesie to keep you from the Benefit of starving; which will be, and suddenly; unless you can eat Mud, and fancy 'tis Custard; to which excellent repast I leave ye: Your first Course is served up. Expect the second hereafter——

[*Exit.*

Frug. Ah, Pox o' these Jewels.

Fran. } Oh this Cursed Gold. [*Exit omnes.*
Has. }

ACT III. Scene I.

A flat Rock.

(*Enter Marine and Aminta.*)

Mar. **N**O Comfort yet, nor hopes of a relief
No welcome Plant, or wholesome
Fruit to help us,

Against oppressing Famine: Oh Heaven!

To what Fate do our Cruel Stars reserve us!

How does my Dear, art thou not faint and weak?

Amint. Not much; your Company is still a
Cordial to me.

Mar. You good Angels, that are ingag'd, when
our Ability
Fails, to reward Virtue, look on this Lady ;
For me, tho' Famine gripes my Croaking Entrails,
Yet when I kiss these lips, methinks
I am at a Banquet ; a refreshing Banquet.
Speak, my Dearest Life, art thou not hungry ?

Amint. Indeed, I could eat to keep you company.

Mar. Blush, unkind Nature ! Canst thou supply
a Drunkard ?
And with a prodigal hand give choice of VVines,
Till he disgorge thy Blessings ? Or a glutton,
That robs the Element, to sooth his Pallat ;
And onely Eats to beget Appetite,
Not to be satisfy'd ? And suffer here
A Virgin, which the Saints wou'd make their Guest.
To pine for hunger. [*Horns blow within.*]
Hah, if my Sense
Deceive me not, these sounds take Being
From the breath of Men : Confirm me, dear
Aminta.

This way the gentle Wind convey's it to us ;
Hear you nothing ? [*Horns agen.*]

Amint. Yes, plainly ; it seems the Hunters
Musick.

Mar. Still 'tis louder : And I remember the two
Portugals
Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds ;

But ne're could'touch the Shore from whence they
came.

Amint. Nor is it to be hoped we shall : This
envious

Torrent's cruelly interpos'd to hinder us, and we
Have no Vessel that may transport us :
Nor has Nature given us Wings to flye.

Mar. Better try all hazards,
Than perish here remediless.
To serve my sweet Aminta,
These Arms shall be my Oars, with which I'll
swim,
And my Zeal, to save thy precious Innocence,
Like wings shall bear me up spite of these horrid
waves.

Amint. Will you then leave me ?

Mar. But for a moment, Sweet : And believe,
Tho' pleasure met me in most ravishing Form ;
And happiness courted me to entertain her,
I would not eat, nor sleep, till I returned ;
And Crown'd thee with my Fortune.

Amint. Oh but for your Absence and my Fears,
what mischief
May happen to you in that Fatal place,
Will certainly distract me.

Mar. Suppose it but a Dream, and try to sleep.
Think you have sent me for discovery
Of some most fortunate Continent, yet unknown ;
Which you are to be Queen of.

And all ye Powers, that Value Lovers prayers,
 Or Cherish true affection, guard my Love
 In your protection, let her cease to mourn,
 Nor sigh, or shed a Tear till my return. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene draws off, and discovers a Grotto, and Rosy
 Bower, plac'd in the midst of a pleasant Coun-
 try. And Roselia seated high, with Clarinda,
 Hippolita, Julietta, Menalippe, Aglaura, Ari-
 adne, Clita, and other Ladies, all drest in
 Amazonian Habits, plac'd about her.

A SONG between two Amazons.

1 *Am.* **L**IBERTY'S the Soul of Living,
 Every hour new Joys receiving ;
 No sharp Pangs our hearts are griev-
 ing,
 Liberty's the Soul of Living.

2.

Here are no false Men pursuing
 Youth or Beauty to its Ruine,
 Murmuring sighs, like Turtles Cooing ;
 Nor the bitter Sweets of Wooing.
 Liberty's the Soul of Living,
 Liberty's the Soul of Living.

3.

2 *Am.* In soft dreams our Souls are wasted,
 All our solid Joys are blasted.

Sweet Diana, e're I'm past it,
Change thy Law, and let me taste it.

4.

But how vain are Hopes or Sorrows,
Pensive Nights or sighing Morrows!
Love's a Prey, not destin'd for us.
All our Quivers want their Arrows.
There's no Liberty like Loving,
There's no Liberty like Loving.

Chorus of Both.

Then since, we are doom'd to be Chaste;
And loving is counted a Crime,
We'll to our new Pleasures make haste.
Sing, Revel, and laugh out our Time,
And do what we can,
Not to think of a Man,
But make the best use of our Prime.

Rosel. They that say Women are not fit to
Govern,
Betray their weakness, and their want of Know-
ledge :
For what Perfection is there in the Male,
That is not in the Female : Grant, their Compo-
sure stronger,
Their Bodies Courser, and more fit for Wars,
Which some of us, do haply contradict :
I cannot yet Conceive, why this shou'd bind us
To be their Slaves ; our Souls are Male as theirs ;

And that we have hitherto forborn t'assume,
 And manage Thrones : I say, altho' we have not
 Challeng'd a Sovereignty in Arts and Arms ;
 And writ our selves Imperial, hath bin
 Mens Tyranny, and our Modesty—not defects,
 Or want of Judgment : Blest be then the hour
 That threw me on this Shore, inhabited by War-
 like Women,
 That keep men in Subjection : And by them,
 chosen to rule :

Where, since I lost Sebastian, and Nicusa ;
 Hy Husband, and dear Son, by those French
 Pyrates ;

All others of the Sex have met my hate.

Clar. And shall they still do so ?

Rosel. For ever, Girl !

Thou darling of my life : my dear Clarinda,
 I say for ever.

Hip. And must I always dream, and dream then,
 and to no purpose—by this light I will have a
 Husband, or she shall never live a good day.

Ariad. Nay, the Protectress is too severe, that's
 the truth on't.

Juliet. Because she's Old, she thinks every one
 has as little occasion for a Husband, as her self :
 But she's mistaken in me, I can assure Her.

Clita. Ay, and in me too.

Rosel. And therefore more to confirm my Reso-
 lution,

That we may still keep out insulting Men,
I here appoint, when-e're I chance to dye,
That the succession fall on my Clarinda.

Clar. Madam, with humblest Duty,
I pay my thanks : but fear the Common-wealth
Will murmur at this positive Election ,
She being always chosen to Govern here,
That's voted by the People, as you were—

Hip. Which Custome shall continue. We'll
have no arbitrary proceedings.

Jul. No : nor will we have our Priviledges
impos'd upon, unless she will give us Men.

Rosel. What's that you murmur about men ?

Menal. Men ! Out upon 'em, I'll assure your
Highness, our thoughts are——

Jul. Of nothing else, if the truth were known.

Rosel. Once more I vote Clarinda my Successor:
And will in this Position be obey'd,
Or like a storm my Rage lets loose upon ye :
I give you leave to consider—Menalippe, Clita,
follow me. You are too young to ingage in
private Factions : And therefore meet my pitty—
but for the rest——

Let them take heed, how they my Will debate,
Or act a Crime they may repent too late.

[*Ex. Ros. Clarind. Menal. Clita. Guards.*]

Hip. She behaves her self, as if she were
Immortal,
Or as the Sun, or she had equal Influence,

And did oblige the World with mutual Blessings.

Jul. If such Pride as this holds long, we are like to have a hopeful Government.

Ariad. Ay, and without Men too, to keep us Company,

And be Civil to us, I assure ye : my Dears, now we are alone, and have liberty to speak our thoughts, In my Opinion, this usage of our Protectress is not to be endur'd.

Jul. Endur'd ! by my Virginitie, 'tis downright Tyranny : For I confess, for my own part, I have no liking to this single solitary Life ; nor do I love hunting other Creatures so well, but I had as lieve be hunted my self.

Hip. Nor I, by Venus.

Jul. By Venus ! by Diana, I hope you meant to swear, Hippolita ? she, you know, had the most Virtues.

Hip. It may be so : But I'm sure t'other had the most Wit.

Ariad. Very fine : I wish you could influence the Proctress with this Doctrine.

Jul. Pox on her, nothing can influence an old Woman, but a Julip.

Ariad. Oh, Eringo's, or an Ownce or two of Green Ginger, would work admirable Effects.

Hip. I know not what Consolation she may

have, but if I have any Comfort in this life, but when I sleep, I am a Whore.

Jul. A Whore! Oh Venus! what a sweet charming luscious honey word, has this raw Creature thrown away — A Whore! what the Devil, would you be an Angel?

Hip. Would I were a Whore upon a good account.

Jul. Or I either: Oh little England's a sweet place for this purpose, the VVhores have as much respect there as the Women of Quality.

Ariad. And more than their Wives, I hear, a thousand times.

Jul. But you were talking of dreams, Sweet heart: And last night I had the sweetest sure, that ever woman had; for methought as I was lying in my Cabine, a fine young brisk, well shap'd man, stole softly to me all unbutton'd, and taking me in his Arms, kiss'd me, on my Conscience, above twenty times.

Ariad. Deuce take you: You have made my mouth run with water.

Jul. Lord! what a man is this, thought I, to do this to a Maid: And so stretching out my Arms, thinking to catch him fast——

Hip. You wak'd, and found nothing——

Jul. Even so: Therefore the Devil take all false Fgures, I say.

Hip. And so say I too: For my part I have

wish'd the Statues in the Garden had bin real, a thousand times.

(Enter Clarinda, Menalippe, Chita.)

Clar. Come, Ladies, are you not for hunting?
We dull ourselves for want of Exercise.

There's not a guilded Hour adorns the day,
But smiling, greets us with some new adventure;
Away for shame, and clog not your clear bloods
With that perpetual Bane of Beauty, Idleness.

Hip. Madam, we wait on you: Who rous'd the Stag?

Menal. Clarinda, and in the instant,
Lodg'd a Steel-Headed Arrow in his Hanch,
VVith which he's fled.

(Enter Marine.)

Hip. Ha, what's this come's here?

Ariad. By all that's good, a man: shall I shoot him.

Clar. No, no: 'Tis a handsome Beast, sure.

Menal. VVould we had more o' the Breed,
really 'tis a very Comely Creature.

Let's hear if it can speak?

Mar. What Heavenly place is this?

Where Beings more than Humane keep their
Residence?

Sure I have past the Baleful stygian Gulf?

And now touch on the blessed Shore: 'Tis so,
This is Elizium: And these the happy Spirits:
That here enjoy all pleasures.

Clita. He comes towards us ! O Lord ! won't it eat me ?

Hip. Stand, or I'll shoot.

Clar. Hold—he makes no resistance.

Mar. Be not offended Goddesses, that I fall
Thus prostrate at your feet ? Or, if not such,
But Nymphs of Diana's Train, that range these
Groves ;

Which you forbid to men : Vouchsafe to know,
That tho' I am a Man, I am not sold
So far to Impudence, as to presume
To press upon your privacies for my self,
No, that I am an humble Suiter to you,
Is for a Virgin——Comes as near your selves
In all perfection, as what's mortal may
Resemble things Divine : O pity her,
And let your Charity free her from yon Desart ;
If Heavenly Charity can reach to Hell,
For sure that place comes near it : And where e're
This wretched frame of mine shall find a Being,
Eternally I shall pour Blessings on you.

Hip. By my Maiden-head I cannot hurt him
now :

Well, some of these mankind have strange influences.

Menal. Really, 'tis the finest thing that ever I
saw in my Life : Wou'd he wou'd come and kiss
me.

[*Aside.*

Clar. Cruel Hippolita, how could'st thou find
in thy Heart to kill him?

Hip. Madam, if I had done it, I had but
obey'd your Mother's Commands.

Clar. If she Commands unjust and Cruel things,
We are not to obey her.

Jul. Oh, sits the Wind there?

Clar. Pray see what an excellent shape it has?
Why should it be infectious?

Aglau. I have heard my Mother say, I had a
Father : And was not he a Man?

Ariad. Questionless, Madam.

Aglau. Your Fathers too, were men?

Clita. Without doubt.

Aglau. And without such, it is impossible
We cou'd have bin.

Hip. A sin against Nature, to deny it.

Aglau. Nor can we ever hope to be made
Mothers without 'em.

Menal. Never, never ; 'tis impossible.

Jul. Ay, by my faith is it.

Clar. Why, how then could you have design of
killing the likeness of the thing by which you are.

Hip. Only in obedience to your Mother.

Clar. Age is not sensible of it's own Barbarity.
I swear I am resolv'd to defend and keep him.

Jul. For your own Use. [*Aside.*]

Ariad. Nay, if you are resolv'd on't, I'll assist
you.

Ariad. } And I.
Menal. }

Clita. And all of us.

Jul. Well, I see by instinct, though a Maid
 have never seen a Man; there are some certain
 motions that inform her—but here's the Protect-
 ress; now I expect a Storm.

(*Enter Roselia and Guards.*)

Rosel. Child of my flesh,
 But stranger to my fair unspotted mind;
 Unhand this Monster.

Clar. Monster, Mother!

Rose'. Yes, Monster, I say Monster.

Jul. Would I had him alone in my Cave for all
 that;

I should not be affraid he would swallow me.

Rosel. Whose every word is as a Syrens note,
 To drown the careless hearer: Have I not taught
 thee

The falsehood, and the perjuries of men?
 On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,
 s to be cruel to her self: The Sovereignty,
 Proud and Imperious men usurp upon us,
 We confer on our selves. And love those Fetters
 We fasten to our freedoms. Have we, Clarinda,
 E're since Sebastian's loss, thy noble Father,
 Planted our selves here in a Common-VVealth,
 With execrable Oaths, never to look
 On man, but as a Monster; and wilt thou

Be the first President, to infringe those Vows
We made to Heaven?

Clar. Vows made in heat, and wild temerity,
With Heaven, still pass for nothing. Alas!
Madam, should women always use this rigid
abstinence, in a few years the whole world would
be peopled only with Beasts. Besides, pray look
on him:

Is there not something nobler in his Face,
Than graces others?

Ariad. Spoke to the purpose, Madam: Let's
speak well of the man now we have him—Come,
come, there's but few of the sort.

Jul. We must, and will have the man: there-
fore speak boldly, Madam.

Clita. Ay—or we'll shake off all Obedience.

Clar. Madam, you'll lose your Subjects hearts
for ever,

If you deny this Justice.

Rosel. Are you all mad?

That no perswasion can have power upon you;
Suppose you had my Suffrage to your Suit,
Can this weak Ship-wrack'd wretch supply you all.

Hip. Not together, indeed.

Menal. No—but by Times, and Turns, he may,
for ought I know.

Mar. Gracious Lady,
I have Fellows in my misery: Not far hence,
Divided only by that hellish River,

There live a Company of wretched men ;
 Such as your Charity may make your Slaves ;
 Imagine all the miseries Mankind
 May suffer under : And they groan beneath 'em.

Clar. But are they all like you ?

Jul. Speak they your Language, are they kind
 men ?

Ariad. Are they young, healthy men ? Come,
 there's the point.

Mar. They were when I left 'em,
 And in their May of Youth, and flowing blood,
 And such as might deserve you ; now cold and
 hunger
 Hath lessen'd their perfection, but restor'd
 To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear
 Worthy your favours.

Clita. This is a Blessing we could not hope for.

Clar. Dear Mother——be not obdurate.

Rosel. O thou fond foolish Girl ! when thou
 shalt find

Their Levity, and their Neglect of Love,
 Thoul't mourn thy easiness, and Curse their Sex.
 But come, for once your Suits are granted :
 And first, all you that are for the Men, hold up
 your hands ;

Very well.

[*All hold up.*

Now you, whose colder Blood, and chaster Tempers
 Bid a defiance to loves bewitching Charms,

And slight that Childish God to follow me,
Hold up your hands—is't possible, not one!

[*None hold up.*]

Hip. I find the Protectress will have few followers, at this rate?

Ariad. We shall have men to follow now.

Rosel. Hear then my Resolution; and endeavour not to add to what I grant, for 'twill be fruitless: you shall appear as good Angels to these wretched men.

In a small boat they shall pass over to us,
And crave comfort: If you like their Persons,
And they approve of yours; for we'll force nothing;
Each one shall choose a Husband, and enjoy
His company a Month; but that expir'd,
You shall no more come near 'em: If you prove
fruitful,

The Males you shall return to them, the Females
We will reserve our selves: This is the utmost
you shall obtain.

Therefore as you think fit, dismiss this Stranger.
And all prepare to morrow for the meeting,

[*Ex. Ros. Guard, &c.*]

Clar. Come, Sir, pray walk with us,
We'll shew you the pleasant Groves and Springs,
and Grotto's, and you shall eat and drink with us.

Mar. Excellent Lady!
Tho' 'twill appear a Wonder, one near starv'd
Shou'd refuse Rest and Meat—I must not take

Your Noble Offer ——I left in yonder Desart
A Virgin almost pin'd.

Clar. She's not your Wife, I hope.

Mar. No Madam—she's my Sister. 'Tis now
dangerous

To speak truth——

[*Aside.*

To her I deeply vou'd not to taste Food or Rest,
Till I return'd : Now, if you please
To afford me but an easie passage thither,
And some Convenient Sustenance for her ;
I shall for ever bless you, and thankfully
She shall acknowledge to you she owes her life.

Clar. You plead so well, I can deny you nothing.
Come in ; and I my self will see you furnish'd,
And with the next Sun visit and relieve you.

Mar. Let this declare my thanks.

Clar. This Act would prove,
In others gratitude : But in me, 'tis Love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, The Barren Island.

(*Enter Franvil, Frugal, Hazard, Surgeon.*)

Frug. **O** H what a Tempest have I in my
Stomach ?
My Guts are grumbling a kind of
Tune,
Like the Base Pipes of an Organ : I am starv'd
into a Substance so thin, that my Body is trans-

parent ; you may see my heart, and the appurtenances, hang up here in its mortal Closet, as easily as a Candle in a Lanthorn.

Haz. For my part, I've forgot to eat.

My Bellies grown together, like an empty Satchel. I have bin throwing a main yonder, to pass away the time : But I can get nothing—my Guts grumble still.

Fran. I am thinking, Gentlemen, what a happiness——

Hazard. How's that ! have you the Courage to think of any happiness ! Gad you have a hoard of meat then, Sirrah. You could never have a happy thought, without the encouragement of Beef, or some such Blessing.

Frug. Beef, Rogues, Beef ; who the Devil talks of Beef there ? I'll draw. I rage, I storm louder than the Winds or Weather. I am not naturally Valliant, but to provoke my Courage with the sound of Beef, and give me none, makes me a fury——I roar like the Sea : Therefore you happy Rascal, make atonement quickly ; or in the name of Famin, I will so grind you——ah——

[*Grins at him.*]

Fran. Is the Devil in you ? Why I am more starv'd than any of ye, have three times louder Bag-pipes in my Guts. And am ten times as thin, I was diving in the Sea to find Oysters last night,

and the Saylers took me for Will with the Wisp
—the Moon shone quite through me.

Surg. Why, Sirrah, what happiness is that you
are thinking of then ? Answer me that.

Frug. Ay, ay, answer that ; the Dog has Blood
in's face ; an apparent sign of nourishment, he
has Eaten lately—I see't plainly—this Rogue
has half an Ox by him, I warrant, in some corner
now—hah—my Mouth Waters at the Rascal
Confoundedly.

Fran. An Ox ! Oh Paradise ! 'Sbud, wou'd I
had but the Hoof of one, on Condition you were
all hang'd—or any part else that had the honour
of belonging to blessed Beef.

Frug. Pox on thee, do not talk on't then : Do
not charm my starving Intellects, with that most
delightful sound—Now if I were a great man,
the word should be nothing but Beef, through my
Kingdome ; my Armies should exercise nothing
else : And my Butcher should mouth it instead of
a Drum.

Fran. When I was speaking of happiness : I
was thinking what a pleasure my Dogs had, when
I kept house at Home—they had a Store-House,
a Store-House of most Blessed Bones, and Crusts ;
hard and happy Crusts.

Has. Would I had one to gnaw now : or were
but amongst 'em ; I'd snarl for a short Dinner
with 'em.

Frug. Now has this tantalizing Rogue set my Mouth a watering, a second time, with talking of his Hounds.

Haz. A Son of a Whore, when he knows too, that a fat Beagle is as good as a fat Buck—— And that the Loyn of a Bull dog——

Frug. Ah, is better than a Loyn of Veal a thousand times.

Enter Aminta.

Surg. Here comes the Woman ;
It may be she has meat, and may relieve us,
Let's stand aside and mark, and then be ready——
she'll hide her Store else, and so Cozen us.

Amint. How weary and how faint is all my
Body,

My Eyes, like spent Lamps, going out, grow
Heavy; my sight forsaking me, and all my Spirits,
As if they heard my passing Bell toll for me,
Take in their Powers, and leave me up to Destiny.
Oh for a little meat ! a little water.

I had whole Floods of Tears awhile, that nourish
me,

But they are all consum'd for thee, Marine ;
For thou art dead. O take my life, sweet
Heav'n !

Or make me once more happy in his sight.

Frug. She's faln asleep, sure ? [*Lies dawn.*
Why should she have this Blessing, and we wake ?

Fran. This thing has bin our ruine : The Captain

had not gone to Sea, but for her sake ; and all those mischiefs that were fallen upon us, are come by her means.

Frug. Why should we consume thus and starve? Have nothing to relieve us : And she live there that bred our Miseries, unrosted or unboil'd, hah !

Haz. Right ; I have read in Histories of such restoring Meats : Besides, we have Examples, a thousand Examples, Women that have eaten their Children, Men their Slaves, nay, their Brothers : But these are nothing ; Husbands devoured their Wives. (They are their Chattels.) And of a School master, that, in time of Famin, powdred up all his Scholars——she's young and tidy——on my Conscience she'll eat like a young Pork ; a little leaner : your Opinion, Surgeon ?

Surg. I think she may be good meat ; but we shall want Salt.

Frug. A pox, she wants no powdring, Man.

Fran. But to suck out the humorous parts : by all means let's kill her in a Chase ; she'll eat the sweeter.

Surg. Let's kill her any way, and kill her quickly ; that we may go to Supper.

Haz. But how if the Captain——

Fran. Oh——he's dead, and the rest famish'd. Come, wake her, Surgeon. Cut her throat, and then divide her ; Every man his share.

Haz. Hush——she wakes her self—— [*She wakes.*

Amint. Who's there? Oh, Gentlemen! give me some Food, or else I perish: I am just now dying.

Surg. You'll save a labour then: You bred our miseries,
And you shall pay for't: We have no meat;
But all are sick and famisht: However, e're
We dye, we'll have one dainty meal.

Amint. Shall I be with you, Gentlemen?

Frug. Yes, marry shall you; in our Bellies,
sweet Lady:
You see we love you well.

Amint. What said you, Sir?

Frug. Why, Faith, only we'll eat your Ladyship, that's all.

Surg. Come, come: Say your prayers, that I may perform——

We are wondrous sharp set. Come, Gentlemen,
Who are for the hinder parts?

Fran. } I, I.

Frug. }

Surg. Pray be patient: They will not fall to every ones share.

Amint. Oh, hear me! hear me, you barbarous Men!

Surg. Not a word——

[*Runs at her. She shrieks.*]

*Enter Marine with a Basket of meat. Du
Pier, Boldsprite, Boatswain, Sailers.*

D. Pier. The Lady's Voice! stand off, Slaves!
How now,
What d'ee intend, Villains?

Amint. Oh, my dear Friend!

Mar. My kindest, best Aminta! see, what I
have brought thee?

Bolds.—These Rogues would have ravished
her.

Speak, how was it, Lady?

Amint. Forgive 'em, 'Twas their hungers.

D. Pier. Their Hungers! Choak 'em, they
would have eaten her! Oh damn'd Canibals!
speak, it is true?

Frug. For my part, I confess an appetite.

D. Pier. An appetite! I'll fit you for your
appetite! since you would be such Devils! why
did you not begin with one another handsomely?
And spare the Woman to beget more Food on?

Amint. For my sake spare 'em, Lieutenant:
And pray come into the Cave, and eat with us.

D. Pier. Stir not within forty foot of this Food,
if you do, Dogs——

Omnes. Oh Lieutenant! Lieutenant! Dear
noble Lieutenant.

Mar. Come Master, and honest Sailers: Let's
go in:

Oh my Dear! I have strange news to tell thee: I

have discover'd a new World, a Paradise of Angels, such as thou art ; that have supply'd me with these Meats and Drinks. We shall see 'em to morrow, and they'l relieve us further : I'll tell thee more within.

And without Devotion thank the Powr's above.
For giving me this means to serve my Love.

Amint. Thou best of men ! how am I bound to thee.

ACT IV. Scene I.

A Barren Island.

(*Enter La Mure, Bouchier, Sebastian, and Nicusa.*)

La Mur. **F**IND d'em out quickly, vid out excuse or delays, or begar your Troate sal be cut.

Sebast. Alas, Sir, we left 'em here : But you see the place is fatal, and who knows but they may be starv'd, and dead, and rotten.

La Mur. Rotten : De Dev'la rot'em ! dat is no matre, I vil have my revenge on d'em ; dead or alive ! Morbleu ! I vil search every Corner of de World, but I vil have d'em.

Nicus. You see these Foot-steps, and the tracks new made, shew that they have bin here——hah !

and see a further discovery——what's that moves there upon the River?

Bourc. I see it now plainly. 'Tis a Vessel, and throng'd with people——They seem as sailing over to that other Country there.

Sebast. 'Tis they, Sir. I know the Captain by his Feather; and if you observe narrowly, look yonder, you may see the Woman too.

La Mur. Oh Diable! it is she, begar I know her.

Bour. But how is't possible they should get thither?

Sebast. That indeed is most difficult: And much I wonder by what strange adventure they had this help: Yet thus far I can advise you, whilst we were Crusing up and down, before you took us, we chanc'd to touch upon a place, govern'd by Women, and went by night on shore to get fresh Water: Thither, as I suppose, that Vessel's gone; for it lies Westward.

La Mur. Shew us de vay, make us come thither, or begar you sal be no living Creature.

Sebast. Sir, I'll do the best I can, tho' I am but an ill Pilot.

La Mur. Look to't: For if you fail, expect no mercy.

[*Exit.*

Nicus. Was ever Fate like ours, to be so taken.

Sebast. And by this Villain La Mure too! for now I know

'Tis hee, tho' misery and Age disguise me from him.

But to relieve us——take this advise, Son, when we are landed yonder, instead of searching for the Fugitive Woman, throw thy self on the mercy of the Protectress ; there's more pity to be expected from them, than from this Barb'rous Wretch.

Nicuf. Well counsell'd Sir—I'll do't——and hope good Heaven will take compassion on us.

Sebast. We are undone else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, The Grotto.

*Enter Hippolita, Julietta, Ariadne,
Menalippe, Ciita.*

Jul. Come, my dear, the Song, the Song ! me-thinks I'm so merry o'th' suddain !

A SONG.

CINTHIA, with an awful Power,
O're all Hearts extends her sway :
Did the Eastern Natives know her,
They'd less prize the God of Day.
On her Brow Night shady lyes,
Whilst Morning Breaks from her fair Eyes.

2.

When she Dances, all the Graces
Charming motion treat your Eyes ;
When she sings, she doubly blesses,

With her skill, and Angels Voice.
Musicks soul in Airs sublime,
Whilst every Heart still beats the time.

3.

When she smiles, you may discover
Golden Coasts, and wealthy Bliss ;
But her Frowns throw back each Lover
To Cold Green-land, where we freeze.
Men may see the Glittering Shore,
But ne're deserve, to reach the Ore.

Jul. This is the happiest Day that ever blest
our Life. Some of the men are landed already.

Hip. Where, where ! did you see 'em, my
dear ?

Jul. Through the West-Gate of the Garden that
looks towards the Sea. Well, I swear ther's one
of 'em so pretty a fellow, that I could not forbear
Oagling him for my Heart.

Ariad. You mad Creature, you : And yet he
may be a Monster under his Clothes, for ought
you know,

Jul. If he were : He is not the first Monster a
Woman has been fond of, I hope. I knew one so
fond of a Monkey once, she desired to be marry'd
to't.

Menal. Why really the Masculine Creature
comes so near the Nature of Humanity, that really

one would wonder : But did she desire to wed the Creature ?

Hip. But, Sister, prithee are they all young Men : Can'st thou tell ? For you know Age will but trouble us : Their Imperfections are not to be reform'd : And your man, when he comes to be old, is good for little or nothing.

Jul. Why, troth, I think these are a mixt party, some young, some old ; some weak, and some strong ; some that look briskly, as if they had Wit ; and others Clownishly, as if they might be Fools.

Hip. *Venus* direct me to one of them. I long to make a Fool of a Man strangely.

Clita. Ay, that's a general longing amongst us ; For I never heard yet, that woman was very desirous that a man should get the upper hand of her.

Jul. Then she's a Fool. For my part, I'll give a Man the upper hand of me, with all my heart.

Menal. Alas ! She's too young to understand good Decorum. To use a good Decorum is a wonderful thing : And wonderful things are beyond thy knowledge, Child. The girl is very ignorant, really.

Clita. Why then I desire to be instructed really. 'Tis strange you'll allow no one to speak of a man, but your self.

Menal. 'Tis likely my Abilities are——

Clita. Your Abilities——

Menal. Alas ! Thou art a young, raw, crude, insipid thing, really.

Clita. And you are a stale, musty, undesirable thing, really ; nay, to vex you thoroughly, a thing of five and forty.

Menal. How ! five and forty——let me come to her. Really the Creature provokes me now.

Hip. How now Malapert ! how dare you mention any ones age ?

Menal. I five and forty ! you Squab-Duckling ?

Clita. Yes, that you are, and more ; and your Desires lye so hid in the Ashes of your age ; that 'tis impossible to kindle ye.

Hip. But if I were as she, I'd kindle ye——

Clita. What, are you coming in with your Abilities too ?

Hip. I'll tell you instantly.

[*Offers to strike her.*

Jul. Hold, hold —— pray let us not enter into Battel upon the Point ; but leave it to the Men rather, who by this time are coming to receive Audience : But come, enough of this dear Sister ; we shall have our hands full, I warrant you——

[*Exeunt.*

(*Enter Marine, Du Pier, Boldsprite, Aminta, Franvil, Frugal, Hazard, and Surgeon.*)

D. Pier. A Common-Wealth of Women, say you, Captain ?

Mar. Most certain ! all Women ; and such as

share the Vanity and Ambition of the Sex, secure and unconfin'd.

Fran. What will become of us now? All Women! what! ne're a Man amongst 'em, to get 'em Children: and do such Drudgery.

Mar. Not one, Sir.

Amint. Sure they'l be good to me, for Sexes sake?

Has. And have we then, like Flounders, leapt out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire: Fled from a Female Fiend or two at home, to be plagu'd here with a whole Nation of Devils?

Surg. For my part I expect to be unman'd within these two days, so prefer'd as a Chamber-maid to one of 'em, and daily employed in the most Heroick Exercises of washing and starching.

D. Pier. Washing and starching! why, thou speak'st of Honourable Employments. Come, shall I give thee a taste of thy true Office? Thou wilt be prefer'd to be Gentleman-Usher in ordinary to her Ladships Lap-Dog.

Fran. Oh!

D. Pier. Nay, hear it out, Man: And dayly be Commanded to exercise thy patience in holding him out upon natural Necessities.

Frug. Oh! Zooks, I'll be hang'd first.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha.

D. Pier. And for thy part, thou wilt

[To *Frug.*

be doomed three times a week to pair her Nails, and Cut her Corns ; and without any hopes of going further, upon the forfeiture of a Limb, for every such adventure.

Haz. Oh insupportable ! the Devil shall have her first.

D. Pier. And if thou fail'st in the least punctilio of Duty, then expect the lash, for thou wilt be jerk'd unmercifully. Nay they will do it only to breathe upon thee ; and scourge thee every Morning to keep themselves in wind.

Frug. Oh, dear Lieutenant, not a word more, unless you would see me give up the Ghost before you. He has given me the griping of the Guts with the thought on't already. [*Soft musick.*]

Mar. Come, come, take Courage ; they will be kinder.

And hark ! the Musick sounds, they are coming,
Be sure you all stand ready, and look boldly ;
And with your best Behaviour make addresses.
Our Lives and Liberties depend upon their pities,
And Death waits on their Anger.

[*Lowd Musick.*]

Enter Roselia, Clarinda Menallippe, Clita, Hippollita, Julietta, Ariadne, and Guards.

Frug. Oh, the Pox take 'em, how imperiously they look ?

Fran Sure they are Furies !

D. Pier. Let them be Devils, they are Devils

of Flesh and Blood, And after so long a Lent, to me they are Angels.

Rosel. Oh Heavens ! are these the Jewels you run mad for ? These Jack-a-Lents ! these shrivel'd poor stuff Eel-skins !

Fran. Pox on her ! what does she call us Eel-skins ?

Rosel. What can you see amongst these signs of Men, that can oblige from you a gentle look ?

Frug. Signs of men ! very fine—— [*Aside.*

Surg. The Devil take 'em they fright me plausibly !

Ariad. We see with our own Eyes, Madam. Besides Age makes your Highness look through the wrong end of the perspective.

Rosel. Can nothing persuade you to love yourselves ; and place your happiness in Cold and Chaste Embraces of each other ?——alas ! my Child : Thou know'st not what man is.

Clar. No——but I desire to know, that's the Point.

Rosel. And when thou do'st ; how soon wilt thou repent ?

Clar. I know not : but I fancy I should not a great while.

Rosel. But they are starv'd !

Menal. No matter, we'll feed 'em up ; we'll cram 'em as we do Chickens, but we'll fatten 'em really.

Clita. Besides, Madam, we had your grant to have 'em as they were.

Menal. D'ee see the Woman, Madam ?

[*To Clarinda.*

Clar. I have view'd her long—I swear, 'tis a sweet Creature ! And to my self I do appear deform'd, when I consider her. And yet she is the Stranger's Sister ! why then should I fear ? She cannot be my Rival.

Rosel. When you repent
That you refus'd my Council ; may that add
To your afflictions, that you were so forward
To leap into the Gulph of your misfortunes.
But have your wishes—I will keep my promise.

Amint. I am instructed : But take heed, dear Friend, you prove not false ; my life you know depends on't.

Mar. Thou art thy own assurance.
And should'st so well discern thy own perfections,
No doubt should reach thee : Not a word more.
You know me.

Bolds. They make towards us : I am damnably afraid of that Old Woman, her Blood is Curdled : Pox on her, she has no Devil in her.

Rosel. That you are poor and miserable Wretches,
My Eyes inform me : That, without our Succours,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of safety,
The present Case you are in can resolve you ;

That to be merciful, is to draw near
The Heavenly Essence. Whether you will be
Thankful, I do not question, nor demand
What Countrey bred you, what names, what man-
ners.

To us it is sufficient we relieve
Such as are miserable : And I command you,
As we are not ambitious to know
Farther of you, that you, on pain of Death,
Presume not to enquire, what we are,
Or whence deriv'd.

Mar. In all things, we obey you.

Rosel. You speak as becomes you.

First then, and willingly, deliver up
Those Weapons we could force from you.

Bolds. How ! Have I bid defiance to the rage
of Fire and Water, and held the Devil at staves
end so often, to be baffled at last by an old
Weather-beaten Fire-ship?

Mar. We lay 'em down most gladly at your
feet.

D. Pier. I have had a Combat with many a
bold Wench,
But never was disarm'd before.

Fran. Well—I do hope to live to see her turn'd
into a Gibb-Cat, and mewling upon the top of the
House for all this.

D. Pier. Hark you ! have you a mind to be
hang'd, Scoundrel, ha ?

Fran. No great Stomach to't, Lieutenant : I had rather go to Supper, for my part.

D. Pier. Mum then—not a word more, for your life.

Rosel. And now hear Comfort.
Your wants shall be supply'd : And tho' it be
A debt, Women may challenge to be sued to ;
Especially, from those we may Command ;
We give you up that Power. And therefore
Freely each make his Choice.

Fran. Can this be true, Sirs ! sure we dream ?

Haz. 'Tis certainly true, and we are the happiest Rogues—

Frug. O rare old Woman, gad sa' me ! why, who would have thought this of her ?

Surg. Ah, who indeed ? But come, let's mind our Business.

Fran. Then here I fix. [To *Clarinda*.

Haz. Nay, hold—she's mine, I chose her first.

Frug. And this mine ! ah, this little Rogue will lye so snug.

Surg. And this mine : There's nothing like Womans-flesh after a long Lent——dear Fubs, I make bold.

D. Pier. Yours, Rascals, yours ! what, before my Captain here

And I am serv'd ? hah ! Stand off, Varlets ;

Touch 'em not, on your peril : Harkee Monsieur Wardrobe,

You are not giving order to a Taylor
 For the fashion of a new suit now ?
 Nor are you in your Warehouse, Mr. Cit.
 Stand back, and give your betters place ; we are
 Soldiers.

And grumble not, for if you do, as I love meat,
 I will so swinge the salt Itch out of you—
 Away, I say. And now Captain, Master, and the
 rest

Of us, that are Brothers, and good Fellows, we
 have bin

Too late by the Ears, and yet smart for our Follies,
 To end therefore all future Emulation,
 If you please to trust to my election, you shall say
 I am not partial to my self. And doubt not,
 I'll give you all Content.

Mar. Agreed ; with all my heart.

Bolds. }
Boats. } Ay, ay ; agreed, agreed.

D. Pier. Then do but observe how learned and
 discreetly

I will proceed ; and as a skilful Doctor,
 In all the quirks belonging to the matter,
 Read over your Complexions—for you, Captain,
 Being first in place, and therefore first to be serv'd,
 I give my Judgment thus : For your aspect, you
 are much inclin'd to melancholly, and that tells
 me that sullen Saturn had predominance at your
 Nativity ; a malignant Planet,

And if not qualify'd by a Sweet Conjunction,
A soft and sanguine Girl, born under *Venus*,
It may prove fatal : Therefore to your arms
I give this blooming Creature. [*To Clarinda.*

Clar. As I could wish ; Till now I ne're was
happy.

Aminta. Nor I accurs'd !

Fran. A curse of that Lieutenant ; I hope I
shall have the heart to cut his Throat, one time or
other. [*Aside.*

D. Pier. Master, you are old, and may want
spurring up :

Therefore to oblige you, here's a Bradamanta,

[*To Julietta.*
Young, wanton as the Roe, and brisk, and sound
Boy,

Jul. A weak old Man allotted to my Share !

[*weeps.*

I'll have none of him.

D. Pier. Thou would'st have two——nay, I
think twenty ;

But fear not, sweetheart ; though he be old, he's
tough ;

He'll never flinch for't.

Hip. A very pleasant fellow that.

D. Pier. Here's a fair Heard of Does methinks
before me,

And now for a Barren one.

For tho' I am Arts-Master of the Science,

I do not love to Father Children : Like the Grand Signior then, thus I walk in my Seraglio ;
And view 'em as I pass : Then draw I forth my Handkerchief ;

And having made my choice : I thus bestow it.

Rosel. On me, why thou art not mad ?

D. Pier. No, Faith—I have onely a fit of Love upon me, or so : And now my choice is made——fall on ye hungry Rascals——

[*They all run in.*]

Mar. Ha, hæ, ha.

Amint. He's merry. Oh my heart ! now my dear *Marine*, remember your Vows.

Mar. Hush, no more of that, if you love me ; we are observ'd.

Clar. Do but see what a strong Contention there is, betwixt my Mothers mirth and anger.

D. Pier. Nay, nay, no Coyness, Madam : Be Mistress of your word, For I am resolute and must, and will enjoy you.

Rosel. Be advis'd, Fool ; I am old.

What canst thou e're expect from one that's fifty ?

D. Pier. Never talk on't ; the older the better : For your youthful stomachs are still Craving.

[*All laugh.*]

Ay, laugh on, laugh on : Good Gentlemen, do : I shall make holiday, and sleep,
When 'tis ten to one your hearts ake.

Rosel.—A strange mad fellow this !

Well, Sir, I'll give you hearing. And as I like
Your wooing and discourse—but I must tell
you, Sir,

We rich Widows, look for great Sums in present ;
Or assurances of Ample Jointures.

D. Pier. Sums in present—with all my heart
—I'll present

Ye a Jewel worth 500 pieces immediately.

Rosel. Ay, if thou can'st but do that now !

D. Pier. Can do it—why, what is't a young
brisk able fellow cannot do ? Harkee, Captain, a
word with you.

Mar. What say'st thou ?

D. Pier. Why, faith, that to wooe a Widow
with empty hands,

Is no good Heraldry ; therefore let's to the Gold,
And share it equally, 'twill speak for us,
More than a thousand Complements or Cringes.
Besides, 'twill beget us respect,
And if ever Fortune befriend us with a Ship,
Largely supply us with Provision.

Mar. Well advis'd : Defer it not : bring in the
trunks there.

D. Pier. Are you all contented ?

Omnes. All, all. [*Trunks brought in.*]

Ros. This Fellow talks Mountains.

Clar. Nay, Madam, now your grief is unseason-
able.

Indeed I love your as my sister. And you

Shall find it—I love your Brother two.

Amint. Oh my Cruel Fortune—— [*Aside.*

Mar. Sec here, the Idol of the Lapidary.

[*To Clarinda.*

D. Pier. To get these Pearls, the slavish *Negro*
Dives to the bottom of the Sea. And thus

I make good my promise. [*To Roselia.*

Frug. And here's Gold, for which the Industrious
Merchant touches at either Pole—— [*To Jul.*

Rosel. Hah——Oh ye immortal Powers !

Haz. I'll give my Mistress this Jewel : Then
draw her into play, top false Dice upon her, and
rook her on't agen.

Fran. Here's the never-failing purchase of Lord-
ships and Honours. [*To Hip.*

Bolds. For which the sailor scorns tempestuous
winds,

And spits defiance in the Sea. [*To Menal.*

D. Pier. Ay, she's surpris'd, Boys——

I knew this would take her strangely.

What says my reverend illustrious Mistress,

Look I not lovely now ?

Rosel. Uglier than Hell——Oh my stars !

Be now for ever blest, that thus have brought

To my revenge these robbers : Take your Javelins
all ;

And nail these Monsters to the Earth.

Surg. What's that, are we Monsters agen, all
ready ?

D. Pier. Hey day——what a plague's the matter now?

Rosel. Oh Daughter !
And you Companions with me in all fortunes,
Look on this Treasure ; and these Jewels.
These were my own, I know 'em perfectly :
With these my dear Sebastian put to Sea.
And, doubtless, these the Villains, these the
Pirates,
That not alone depriv'd him of this Treasure,
But took his life.

Frug. Harkee, Lieutenant, you sec this does take her strangely.

Fran. Confound your Politiques : now we are ten times worse than ever.

D. Pier. Peace, ye Curs you : Do I live to be the Subject of your mouldy jests?

Mar. What Cruel Fate pursues us ! this Chance is past redressing.

D. Pier. I am well enough serv'd, that must be offering Jointures, Jewels, and precious things ; more than I brought with me.

Rosel. Now strike all ; revenge, revenge.

Clar. Hear me, Dear Mother !
And when the greatest Cruelty is justice,
Do not show mercy. Death to these starv'd
Wretches

Is a Reward, not a Punishment : Let 'em live
To know the full weight of your displeasure,

And that they may have sense to feel the Torments
They have deserv'd : Allow 'em some small time.

Rosel. 'Tis well Counsell'd. Be it so.

Clar. For the Captain here, I'll be his Jaylour :
I'll fetter him to purpose.

Mar. Gracious Madam—hear us but speak.

Rosel. Insolent Traytors ! would you speak !

Away with them.

Chain 'em in Prisons : Vengeance tho' slow pac'd,
At last o'ertakes the Guilty. And the rage
Of the incensed Powers, still falls most sure
On Villains, when they think they're most secure.

[*Ex Omnes.*]

ACT V. Scene I.

A Flat Rock.

(*Enter Clarinda.*)

Clar. **S**INCE Love the noblest passion of
our Souls,
With sacred influence, was or-
dain'd by Heaven ;
To refine us from the Dross of dull mortality,
Why is't a fault in me ? It is not, must not.
I am sure I was Created to love on ;
And be I hope belov'd—Oh this dear Stranger,
Can he be guilty of such Villanies ? No, 'tis
Impossible ! my Mother wrongs him sure !
Here comes his Sister—she must be my

Agent—I have her in my Power,
And she must serve me.

(Enter Aminta.)

Amint. Can any misery be compar'd to mine?
Or any love have so severe a Fortune?
Oh, Marine! Where art thou now, my life,
My better part?
Or what's this senseless frame, without thee!
Hah, the Protectresses Daughter! your pardon,
Madam; I fear I am to blame.

Clar. Not at all. Come hither, be not frighted,
And think not you steal this Liberty: For
I give it you.

Your tender years, and Innocence, assure me
You had no share in the wrongs these men did us;
Your Brother was mis-led sure.

Amint. He mis-led, Madam!
Alas! he's innocent of all he's tax'd with:
But I perhaps know something of your Story.

Clar. How! you know something?

Amint. Yes, Madam, there's something in your
late relation,
So like my own misfortunes; that my heart
Has ever since been rack'd with hopes and doubts.
I think you said Don Sebastian was your Father.

Clar. Most certainly! a noble Portugal! undone
by Pyrates.

Amint. Such a Sebastian was my Father too,
like him,

A Portugal, and like him undone! Oh! speak on,
For my mind gives me, I can make some great
Discovery.

Clar. It's impossible it shou'd relate to us. But
however,
Some other time I'll give you hearing; now I
Have other Business, you say your Brother is
entirely innocent.

Amint. He is; I am sure he is; For he's a Man
Grounded in so much Virtue, and so noble:
No baseness e're could shelter in his heart.

Clar. I must believe it: and now share my
Soul,

With it its dearest secret—I love him.

Amint. Love him, Madam!

Clar. Yes, and never shall have peace, till I am
His wife.

Amint. Oh Heavens—— [Aside.

Clar. Ha! the meaning of that sigh, does the
news

Displease you?

Amint. No, Madam: 'Twas onely the effects
of my surprize.

Clar. Take care, how you abuse me. I have
trusted you with more than my life, my first Love:
Therefore use me well. And dearest Sister: For
so I'll call you ever. And methinks we should be
Sisters, Natural Sisters: Yet, if you were, I could
not love you more; befriend me in this Business.

Amint. To my power, Madam. Yet tho' he has
 some Virtue,
 He has faults too ! nor can deserve your Love,
 For you will find him dangerous, fickle, proud :
 Soon glutt'd with your love, and soon forgetful ;
 I could say more——

Clar. Do not, lest I suspect you.
 But use your utmost art to win him for me.
 (For I perceive you have an interest in him.)
 Or failing, lose your self, and me for ever :
 I have given him liberty to walk in the Grove
 By the Sea-shore. And where to night you'll find
 him,
 Moaning his Fortune ; there alone accost him.
 Be but successful, and by this I swear,

[*Kisses her.*

I'll always love, and ever keep thee here.

[*Ex. severally.*

SCENE II.

*Discovers Franvile washing in a Tub, Hazard
 sowing, and Surgeon spinning, with
 Waiters looking over them with
 Whips.*

Surg. **A**H the Devil take the Captain, that
 brought us to this Cursed Place.
 Why, rowing at the Gallies is
 better by half than this slavery.

Fran. Ay, if I had bin rul'd by my poor Spouse at home,
I had never come to this ; well, dear Peggy,
I find the loss of thee now !

Has. Come, come ; few know the goodness of Wives, till they want 'em. Ah would I were at home, I'd ne're throw a main agen, but live sober, and sing Psalms——pritheee Surgeon thred this Needle for me ?

Surg. Alas, I cannot see, Man ! I have made my self blind with weeping.

Waiter. Come, come, mind your business.

[*Whips him.*]

Surg. Oh that ever I should come to this——little did I think, when I put to Sea, to fall into the hands of these Petticoat-whipsters ! Oh ! gads bud——I have spun a fair thread.

Enter D. Pier, with a Bottle of Wine, Boldsprite
——*Hippolita, Menalippe.*

D. Pier. Nay, faith you do well to air us, Ladies, we should grow musty else. But pritheee, my dear Penthisilea, whence comes this kindness——'Tis excellent Wine, Faith.

Menal. Sir, 'Tis the favour of the Protectress Daughter ;
I wish you deserve it.

D. Pier. Nay, the best way to make us deserve it,

Is to fill our bellies, that's the truth on't.

Here Master.

[*Drinks.*

Bolds. Come, skink away Boy.

Surg. How, the Lieutenant at liberty! and drinking Wine too! whilst we are famishing here. Choak him.

Fran. I thought they would free him—ah these Women love a strong Fellow strangely.

D. Pier. Madam, my service t'ee—here's a health—let me see—here's a health—to your merry thought.

Hip. Now their Hearts are steeped in Wine, and their bones at rest. They can talk a little.

Bolds. Prithee do not slander our Bones——but let 'em be quiet, they have bin our Servants thus long, and had their share of Pains and Recreations; and to affront 'em now, gad is fowl play.

D. Pier. Well, Fools may talk of Mythrinate, Cordials, Elixers; but from my Cradle this was my only Physick—why, here's a Colour now! what Lady's Cheek, tho' Cerus'd and Virmillioned like a picture, comes near it? Here's your Complexion for you! O my dear, faith I love thee with passion.

Bolds. There's Fruits and Confections within too, Lieutenant.

D. Pier. A pox, Boys meat—I am past it, here's

strong food for Men. Nectar, old Lad. Mistress of Merry-hearts, once more I am bold with you.

Bolds. Take heed man——prithee be temperate : [*Drinks.*

Let's be sober.

D. Pier. Temperate ! why, how now Tarr ! hast thou liv'd at Sea so long, where to be sober, whilst we have Wine aboard, is Capital Treason, and dost thou preach Temperance and Sobriety ?

Hip. See, the rest of your Companions are at their Duty.

What think you now, are you not happy in us ?

D. Pier. Ha, ha, ha.

Haz. Hang him, he has found us out ; now shall we be jeer'd to Death.

Menal. And what think you of changing places with one of these now——hah— [*To Bolds.*

Bolds. I'll be hang'd first.

D. Pier. Ha, ha, ha—why, how now Monsieur Wardrobe, what in the Sudds ! Well, scour the Shifts clean, d'ee hear ! Sirrah —— Or your Patroness will swinge you. Look, Master, here's another of 'em at his Exercise.

Surg. Prithee, dear Lieutenant, leave Joking ; and give us a sup of the Bottle. We are almost starv'd.

D. Pier. What, my honest Partner, and Companion in starving, Ned Glisten-pipe too ! Harkee ; Thou hast skill in Phlebotomy. Let the Ladies

blood. Cool 'em, Cool 'em; d'ee hear? 'Tis a better Employment; and leave Spinning, you Fool, leave Spinning.

Surg. Leave spinning! Ay, would I could i'faith.

Haz. One gulph, dear Lieutenant; but one gulph.

D. Pier. Well said, honest In and In——
Come 7 or 11? Sirrah, I set you this Bottle.

Fran. Oh, that this damn'd Epicure, should have the pleasure of being drunk, and we ready to Choak.

(Enter Frugal, with a Monkey in's arms, follow'd by Julietta, who is fondling it.)

Frug. Oh, oh.

Jul. Oh my Jewel, my pretty Dear Jewel.
Sirrah take him up agen: what do you grow lazy?
[Strikes him.]

Frug. Oh the Devil; what a Jewel's here!
Insupportable! Zooks, I'll hang my self. I will never lead this life.

D. Pier. What's here, my Baboon Merchant too! ha, ha, ha; not to hinder your business, Friend; one word with you——what think you now,
Am not I a Conjurer?

Frug. A Devil, I think.

Jul. Sirrah—Carry the dear Creature to the

River side, and let him drink——do't quickly——
must I spur you on, you dull drone——

[*Strikes him.*

Frug. The dear Creature! a pox on it's Dear-
ness——gad I'll hang myself to night——But
I'll first be revenged on her—for I'll hang up her
Monster too——I am resolv'd on that——

[*Ex Julietta and Frug.*

D. Pier. Well, honest Towzer—farewell to thee

Menal. Come, let's be gone——I see *Clarinda*
coming yonder,

Hip. Go march, Sir, march. Nay, without re-
ply, as you expect to be oblig'd hereafter.

D. Pier. One word to my Friends first, and then
I am for you.

Well, Gentlemen, why don't you Joke now?

What not one jeer all this while——hah——har-
kee, Friends.

[*To the Waiters.*

Look to 'em' d'ee hear! and give 'em due Cor-
rection. They'l never mind their Business else.
I know 'em to a hair. Ha, ha, ha——[*Exeunt.*

Fran. Is there no remedy? Must the Captain,
and this Devil of a Lieutenant, perpetually plague
us? And we not revenge it.

Surg. Well thought on, faith: I have found
one way to do it, and home too.

Haz. What i'st?

Surg. Yonder comes the Protectresses Daugh-
ter: VVho, I am certain, loves the Captain. And

he has told her, this Lady that came with him, is his Sister. Now the only way to be reveng'd on 'em all, and procure our liberty, is to——

Fran. Inform her the contrary.

Surg. Right.

Haz. Let's do't instantly, here she comes.

(*Enter Clarinda.*)

Fran. Bless thy Divine Beauty.

Haz. Mirrour of sweetness, vouchsafe one word, we beseech thee.

Clar. Poor flattery ! what would you have, ye wretches ?

Fran. We can discover something that concerns you——

Haz. Something about the Captain.

Clar. Ha. The Captain !

Fran. Promise us but our Liberty, and a little meat, and you shall know all.

Clar. Know all ! how they make me tremble ! what shall I know ? Speak, and if it merits favour you shall have it.

Surg. This little Gentlewoman that's with the Captain——

Clar. Well——-what of her——his Sister, you mean.

Surg. Sister——ha, alas ! you are deceiv'd in her !

Clar. Deceiv'd in her.

Surg. She is no Sister.

Clar. No Sister——what is she then? speak quickly!

Oh my heart.

Fran. She is his——

Surg. Peace: Let me speak——why, faith, sweet Lady, she is as a Man would say his——

Clar. What?

Surg. His Mistress——or so. That's the plain truth on't.

Haz. They say, she is Virtuous——but she has bin his Cabin-Mate this six Months, to my knowledge.

Clar. His Cabin-mate too——oh this slye Serpent: Be sure you do not lie to me.

Surg. If I do——hang me empty——

Clar. No——you shall be fed——but with such food as you have given me, new misery——away with 'em to Prison——speak not a word——begon. Oh I could rage and Curse, and kill now. Kill him, her, any thing in my revenge; which they shall feel, and instantly. And now brave Mother, follow thy noble Anger: and I'll help thee. [*Exit.*

(*Enter Hippolita, Julietta, Ariadne, Menalippe,*
Clita.

Hip. What storm is coming now? What must we lose the Men agen?

Clita. I'll lose my life first——I assure you, I like my man extreamly.

Jul. The Rogues are plaguy unfortunate. I am afraid we shall have but an unlucky breed from 'em.

Menal. Yes really, the fellows behave themselves with diligence enough.

Ariad. What betwixt fear, and love, they do their Duty :

But for my part, I begin to distaste the mercenary Rogues.

Menal. They say they are Gentlemen : But they prove Mungrels.

Chita. Pray do not rail at the men : I'll assure you, mine proves admirably.

Ariad. How do thine suffer ; Juliet ?

Jul. Faith, like Boys : They are fearful in all Fortunes—when I smile, they kneel, and beg to have that Face Continued — And like poor Dogs, adore the ground I go on ; when I frown, they hang their Tails, like fearful Sheep-hounds —shew 'em a Crust of bread, they'll Saint me presently.

Frisk up and down, and skip about like Apes ;
And for a drop of Wine, be whipt like Hackney's.
I can saddle 'em, ride 'em—do what I will with 'em.

Menal. Ridiculous Wretches : Have they names like Christians ?

Jul. Oh, very fair names, and brag of mighty Kindred, too. They offer very handsomely. But that I am a Fool, and dare not venture too much :

they are sound too, o' my Conscience, or very near upon't.

Ariad. These are poor, base, Creatures.

Jul. Pox on 'em—'tis that makes me hate 'em :
If they were, or would be manly in their sufferings,
perhaps one might strain a point or two.

Hip. Mine, I assure you, were not cast in such
base Mould—Afflictions, Tortures, are Names
and Natures of delight to my Men. They sleep
soundly, and seldome troublesome, unless, 'tis
when they dream of Fights and Tempests ——
And then they roar, and whistle for Bottles of
Wine. And sometimes down they'l throw me—
and in that rage, for they are violent fellows, they
play such Freaks——

Clia. Yes, indeed, the Rogues will fumble one
strangely.

Hip. If they have meat, they thank me; if none
they heartily desire they may be hang'd.

Ariad. Come, come; let's all go to the Protec-
tress, and intercede for 'em.

Menal. For my part really I'll mutiny if I have
not mine freed to night.

Clia. And I mine—for I assure you, he's a
Man every inch of him. [Exeunt.

(Enter La Mure, Bourchier, Sebastian, Nicusa,
and Sailers, with a dark Lanthorn.

Sebast. This Grove, Sir, belongs to the Pro-

tectresses Palace. And the Lights, that we saw just at our Entrance, I suppose belong to her.

La Mur. Begar you had best supposa right. And lead us right too. If I no find this dam'd Woman, I shall find your head : Morbleu I will hang you, dat is in plain Term.

Bour. Hush, Sir——and pray let us hide our selves behind these Bushes. For, if my Eyes are perfect ; I see a man coming down the walk.

[*They go behind.*]

Sebast. Fly Son to the Protectress, this is the Minute, or we are lost. Throw thy self at her feet, and discover us——I'd rather be at her mercy, and in Slavery, than live to be thus us'd by this horrid Villain ; away——that's the Palace just before thee.

[*Ex. Nicusa.*]

Marine Crosses the Stage.

Bour. I could discern him plainly——I am certain, 'twas a man——ha, and yonder I think he comes.

Enter Aminta.

Amint. Marine ! my Love, where art thou ?

La Mur. Jerne, is not that she ?

Bourch. It is, Sir——I heard her Voice.

La Mur. Stand close, make no noise.

Amint. How well this darkness suits my melancholly ? Who's there ? Marine ! but who else can it be ? No other Man's at liberty in the Island. Oh, my best life : I have the saddest news

to tell thee : But come, let us go farther off, to secure us from being over-heard.

[*La Mure takes her hand.*

La Mure. Ay, begar, you sal be segura presently ! I will secure you—— [Aside. *Exeunt.*

Bour. He has carry'd her off ; come, let's follow.

Sebast. I must obey you, Sir ! Cruel Fortune ! no news of my son yet ! [Exeunt.

Enter Roselia, Clarinda, Nicusa, Menallippe, Clita, Guards.

Rosel. Search round the Grove——And all you find bring hither, if they resist, or, seem unwilling, force 'em—— *Ex. Guard.*

Clar. Force *Marine* hither too, and the sly Witch, his pretended Sister.

Rosel. Stranger, thou has told me wonders, which if true, as by my beating heart I have some hopes, this day will be the happiest of my life—— You say your Name's *Nicusa* ?

Nicusa. It is, Madam——And the Son of *Don Sebastian* a *Portuguese* ; by adverse Fortune thrown upon your Coast, Slaves to *La Mure*, a barb'rous French Pyrate.

Rosel. More wonders still, for by that name they stil'd the Villain that was Author of our Misery.

Clar. Believe him not, Madam ; he is a Man : And Men have the Curst trick of lying from their Cradles.

Rosel. I hope he does not. And now methinks there are some features in his face—I am acquainted with——what was your Mother's name?

Nicus. Roselia.

Roselia. Oh Heaven!

Nicus. One, whom tho' I can hardly remember, yet if I may presume to speak my thoughts, had some features just like yours——But here comes one will satisfy you fully.

Enter Sebastian, Marine, La Mure, Aminta, Bourchier, guarded.

Rosel. So much of joy crowds fast into my heart, There is no room for utterance: Oh, speak, Sir, speak!

And if you are *Sebastian*; speak it boldly:
And give me joy as great, as is my wonder:
For sure you much resemble that dear Man——
Which if you prove——look up, and see *Roselia*,
Your *Roselia*.

Sebast. 'Tis so, by all that's sacred. Thou art mine indeed.

For sure as thou art *Roselia* I am *Sebastian*.

Rosel. Oh, my dear Lord! [*Embrace.*]

Sebast. Propitious Stars, I thank you.

And Fortune! now thou hast rewarded me

For all past miseries. *Nicusa kneels.*

Rosel. Rise Son. And now, my Dear *Sebastian*!
Look on *Clarinda* here; this is thy Daughter.

Sebast. Thou beauteous Spring, and Fountain of my joys, receive my Blessing—but *Aminia*, my lost *Aminia*—were she but here too, then my joys were perfect.

Aminia. Who calls *Aminia*——here I am, and come to make a third in this strange meeting.

Rosel. Miracle, on Miracle !

Mar. This Adventure would make a Theam for an Excellent History——

Aminia. I am *Aminia*, and, as I was inform'd by my Nurse, am Daughter to *Sebastian* and *Roselia*. More of the business, that French Pyrate there, whom Heaven has strangely thrown upon this Island, can soon inform you——

Rosel. By all that's good——'Tis he ! that Villain, *La Mure* ; I know him.

Bour. So——we are in a hopeful condition.

Sebast. Suspend your wonder, Madam ——'Tis the same, that Execrable Robber, that caused our separation.

La Mure. I vas saying just now, I vud hang him, Morbleu, now I fear he will hanga me ! Oh damn'd Whore, Zhilt, Fortune.

Sebast. Speak, abhor'd Villain ! And if thou can'st discover anything to save thy life, do it quickly.

La Mure. The Diable take you all. Dat is all I vill discover, vor, vrom dis moment, me vil no open my Lips.

Rosel. Let him be rack'd ; Slave, we'll make you confess.

Bourch. Hold, Madam. [*Ex. La Mure.*
I, as his Companion, can inform you
In any thing you demand

Rosel. What is this Lady here ?

Bourc. She is your Daughter, and her name,
Aminia !

The Infant that *La Mure* carry'd away with him,
When he left you alone upon this Island,
She has bin bred in *England*, from whence to
avoid his Love, she lately fled away with this
young Gentleman, and afterwards wrackt
upon that Island, where you found 'em.

Sebast. The rest I can make out : upon that
very Island,

Seeking for shelter from this Insolent Robber :
I landed with my Son, and some Negro-Slaves,
That set upon me for my treasure, and after in
The fray ruin'd themselves. There for the space
of sixteen tedious Years, we liv'd oppress'd
with all the miseries humanity could suffer,
till Heaven grown weary of afflicting us,
by the means of this young man, at last
reliev'd us. Captain, look in my face, do
you not know me ?

Mar. Not I, Sir ; nor can I ever call to mind,
that I, till now, have seen you.

Sebast. I shall refresh your Memory :

Have you forgot two wretched *Portugals* ?
That, whilst you were mutining for the Gold
They shew'd you——Cut the Cable, got your
Ship away, and left you ?

Mar. That trick of Fortune, Sir, I have reason
to remember.

Sebast. Those famish'd *Portugals*, were my self
and Son——but being at Sea, we were afterwards
retaken by *La Mure*, and describing your com-
pany, and this young Virgin, who now I'll call
my Daughter ; whom it seems he came in search
of ; we were brought back, where now we live to
make you some amends for all past ills. But
where are all your Comrades ?

Rosel. Go, set 'em all at liberty——and bring
'em hither :

The Case is clear now, how they got that Treasure :
And, dear *Aminta* ! let me hold thee fast,
Here to my heart——whilst tears Express my joy,
For this most strange unlook'd for change of
Fortune.

Amint. Oh Mother ! what a happy hour is this !
How blest ! how full of rapture ! And as the
chief Author of all our present Happiness, receive
this noble Gentleman. No Brother now, but my
betrothed Husband.

Rosel. Sir, for your ill usage, happening thro'
our Errors, let this atone.

[Gives him *Aminta's* hand.]

Mar. A gift Heaven cannot mend.

Sebast. Which thus I ratifie——Captain, she's thine——

Amint. Now, dearest Sister, I can truly call you so !

Forgive the small offence done to your Love ;

Oh pardon it,——I conjure you by your Virtue.

Clar. I do with all my heart. And from this moment banish all fond desires.

(Enter Du Pier, Franvil, Frugal with a rope about their necks. Hazard, Boldsprite, Surgeon.)

Mar. Madam, tho' Fortune willing to oblige me,
And make amends for many days of sorrows,
Gives me your Sister : And in her all happiness :
Yet in the midst of all this Crowd of joy,
My grateful heart does still remember you ;
And thankfully acknowledge all your favours.

Menal. So, so ! I like this very well——now sure some of the men will fall to our share agen.

Clita. I hope so——I am sure there can be no good Conclusion without 'em.

Fran. What's to be done with us now, I wonder ?

Haz. There are not many new ways of starving, that's my Comfort.

Rosel. Gentlemen, I am to beg your pardon too, and inform you, that you have suffered by a mistake : But now you are free, as if in your own Nation.

Frug. Gad——'Twas well you sent as you did :
For I was just upon the Swing, the Devil and I
had fully agreed upon the matter—you may see
by my Bridle here, I was just ready for a journey.

[*Takes off the rope.*]

Rosel. And what say you, my merry mad
Lieutenant?

Were you in the same humour?

D. Pier. I in the same humour ! Ha, ha, ha.

Rosel. Ay, were not you almost ready to Dangle
in one of your Garters, for the loss of your
Widdow, and the rest of your mighty Expecta-
tions.

D. Pier. No——if I were, the Deuce take me.

Rosel. Nor you have not bin concern'd about it?

D. Pier. Perhaps I have had the griping of the
Guts.

A kind of a grumbling humour, or so, to be at you
——But no more——for my part, I gave you over
for an obstinate Old Woman, and resolv'd to think
no more of you.

Rosel. Well, Sir, with my self I can do you no
justice——because this Gentleman here takes
possession of me by a better Title.

D. Pier. How, a better Title ! Faith, methinks
a Widdow, and a Woman of your Sense, should
think my Title better than his, by twenty years
purchase, by your favour, Madam.

Rose. Ay, a Widdow indeed might think so :

But know, (Gallant that should have bin) the Fates have so order'd it, that I am now found to be a Wife.

D. Pier. A Wife!

Rosel. Even so. And to this very Gentleman, that lays such Claim. But to make thee full amends, for the loss of my self—if this Lady can creep into thy heart—Take her, she's thine; she's rich, but a little foppish.

D. Pier. With all my heart, by this light; she's rich you say—I'll marry her, that I may beat her, and make her Loyal.

Rosel. Come, let's retire, and make a glad relation of our Fortunes: 'Twill add to our content; Oh my Sebastian! I have miracles to tell thee, how I came hither to the Womens Common-Wealth: How chosen Protectress! it is a Tale bears full variety.

Sebast. And so does mine, which we'll recount at leisure.

Rosel. Convey those Pyrates straight away to Prison,

Till we consider of their punishment:

For times are alter'd now, so is the Government,

Whilst my Sebastian lives: 'Tis he must rule it.

Prepare a Banquet, and let Musick wait us,

For now we have all the Blessings Fate can give.

Mar. And I all joys that Crown a happy life,
Possessing my Aminta for my Wife. [*Ex Omnes.*]





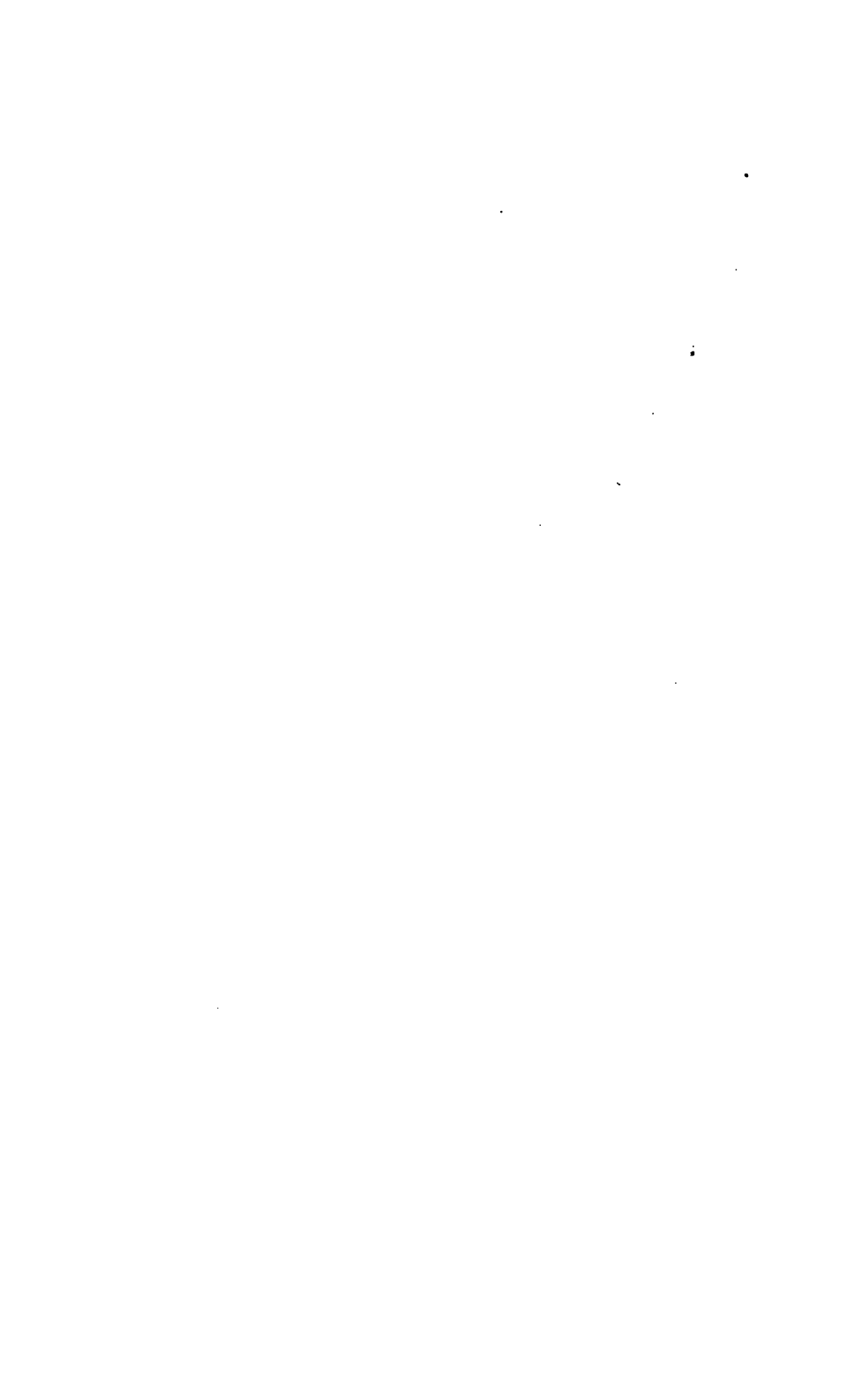
EPILOGUE.

HOW silly 'tis for one, not yet Thirteen,
To hope her first Essay should please
you Men :

You cannot taste what such a Creature speaks ;
Would she were three years older for your sakes ;
Two handfuls taller, a Plump pretty Lass,
I doubt not then my Epilogue would pass.
But, as I am, for your Applause I sue,
Pray spare me for the Good that I may do.
Gallants, I better shall perform e're long,
Despise not a poor thing because she's young.
Twigs may be bent, Trees are too stubborn grown ;
And th' Roses Bud is sweet as Roses blown.
In China (as I often have been told)
The Women marry at eleven years old :
Our Play-House is a kind of China too,
And nothing like the Stage to make me grow ;
For, tho' not Power, I have the Will to please,

And Will's a mighty help in such a Case.
We on this fruitful Soyl have Women seen,
That in few Months have grown as big agen.
Oh Jemminy ! what is the Cause of that ?
I wonder what they Eat to grow so Fat ?
We young ones know not how that business is ;
Aut for all that we may be allow'd to guess ;
And I beginning now to chatter Sence,
Encourag'd, may divert a Twelve-month hence :
And therefore humbly thus I make Address,
Excuse Faults, and accept my Will to please ;
But if you fail me, may you nevermore
Kiss Woman under (at the least) fourscore.

Finis.





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